

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

VOL. 7.

DECEMBER, 1890.

No. 12.

Allegretto.

THE accompanying "musical puns" were written in the form of a letter to a friend:—







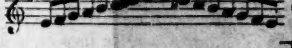











MY DEAR —,—I am always *Chopin* (chopping) and changing my *Schumann* (shoeman) as my *Schulhoff* (shoe'll often) come *Back* (back) un-mended; so be on your *Gade* (gainst) guard against the last *e-Grieg* (egregious) creature I dealt with.

You will think I have a great *Abt*-itude (aptitude) for complaining when I tell you that his *Strauss*-ers (his trousers) and coat are not *Ries*-pectable (respectable), and I have dis-*Czerny*'d (discerned) that he is a great *Cramer* (crammer), and that he *List*-ens (listens) to every gossiping *Wagner* (waggoner), and flirts with every *Mattei* (Matty), *Patti* (Patty), or *Molloy* (Molly) he comes across.

He then returns *Boosy* (boosey) and *Crotch*-ety to his *Garrett*, *Coven* (cowing) his *Spohr* (his poor) wife with many a *Blow*, and shouting "where's *Meyerbeer* (my beer), I'll teach you to laugh at your *Blumenthal* (blossoming tall) husband;" and threw a *Schnbert* (shoe, but) it did not *Diehl* (deal) the blow he intended.

It *Glick*-ed (it looked) like *Heller* 'pon earth (hell upon earth). *Mozart*-ingly (most sartainly certainly) he deserves to go down *Billow* (below). If I had the *Handel*-ling of him, I would make him *Smart*; but his wife cannot *Auber* (a-bear) to hear a word against him, and only pours *Benedict*-ions on his drunken head.—Yours, etc.

THE following was written in reply o a letter doubting the originality of the above puns on musicians' names:—

EXCUSE this  (brief note), but I must write you a few  (lines) to  (debar) you from thinking, as I  (see) you do, that the puns are not my own! It makes me  (quaver) to think to what a  (minim)-um you reduce, and on what a  (minor scale) you place my intellect; it may not  (sharp), but (be natural) you should think me  (sharp), but  (pause) before you consider me  (a flat!) It is  ly  (treble base) of you to cast such a  (slur) on my wit, when I tell you that I wrote them in a  (brace) of  (bracket) (shakes), and all of my own a  (accord). I could not  (rest) till I had told you.

FINE.

A CURIOUS story comes *vis* Germany about a certain bandmaster of a French regiment that was stationed at La Côte Saint-André, the birthplace of Hector Berlioz.

The colonel of the regiment, desirous of having some musical honours done to the memory of the great French composer, ordered his bandmaster to perform one of Berlioz's compositions. This ingenious individual, not possessing a score of Berlioz, played a "Marche Indienne" by Sellenick, and represented it to be the Racokzy March, from the "Damnation of Faust." The inhabitants of the town applauded madly, and every one pronounced Berlioz a genius and a true son of Saint-André.

This but again illustrates the truth of the sad proverb that a man is never a prophet in his own country.

Guest: "I always sing when I feel happy."

Hostess: "Sing it for us now."

Guest: "But I am not ha—I beg your pardon! I mean—that is—I have a bad cold to-night."

WHEN at Chester, Handel got together a band, who he had been assured could "sing at sight," to try his manuscript. On the trial of the chorus in the "Messiah," "And with his stripes we are healed," the principal singer, named Janson, after attempting his part several times, failed so egregiously that Handel burst into a rage, and after vociferating in four or five languages, exclaimed, in broken English, "You scountrel; tit you not tell me dat you could sing at soite?" "Yes, sir," responded the unfortunate basso, "and so I can; but not at first sight."

Miss Oldmaid (cultivated pianist): "Yes, I always play classic music—Mozart, Beethoven, and Haydn, you know."

Little Boy: "You're just like my mamma. She don't play anything but the pieces that was new when she was young."—Puck.

MADAM shows the new servant upstairs to her bedroom in the attic, and says: "It is here you will have to sleep; there is a good bed, a table, and a chair; that is all you will require." Meantime the servant has been taking measurements with her apron. "What are you doing that for?" "Madam, I was only trying if there was room enough for my piano."

FREEMASONS.—The following amusing incident once happened to Spohr, the composer, while on an excursion with a number of pupils.

"Arrived at Clausthal," he tells us, "our first care was to get rid of the unseemly growth of beard that had accrued to all during our journey, so as to reassume a civilised appearance. We sent, therefore, for a barber, and submitted ourselves one after another to his razor. A comical

incident arose out of this operation. We had all, more or less, a sore place under the chin from holding the violin; and I, who first sat down, directed the barber's attention to it, and begged him to go over it lightly.

"As the barber found a similar sore place under the chin of each that followed, his countenance assumed more and more the grotesque expression exhibited in the disposition to whistle and smile at the same time, while every now and then he murmured something inwardly.

"Upon being asked the reason, he replied, with a gravelock, 'Gentlemen, I see very clearly that you all belong to a secret society, and you all carry the sign. You are Freemasons, probably, and I am right glad that I know at last how that is to be discovered.'

"As upon this we all broke out into shouts of laughter, he was at first very much disconcerted; nevertheless, we could not shake his belief."

IN a novel called *The Youngest Miss Green*, by F. W. Robinson, a fashionable lady, speaking of her parties, says: "At her 'at homes' people should find something bright and attractive, music or dancing, even a conjurer, or a comic pianist!"

A COUNTRY lad, rather over fifteen years of age, and a member of a church choir, on arriving home after morning service was observed by his mother to be in trouble and sobbing bitterly.

Mother: "What is the matter with you, child?"

Lad: "The choirmaster says I must leave the choir on account of my voice breaking."

Mother: "Just what I expected! How often have I cautioned you about going out without your scarf!"

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN REBUKED.—The following good story is told of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Some little time ago, when a change in the cast of one of his operas had been made, Sir Arthur, who happened to be dining at the Savoy Hotel, slipped away for a few minutes from the table, and went into the theatre to the upper circle, there to hear and judge for himself as to the capabilities of the new artiste.

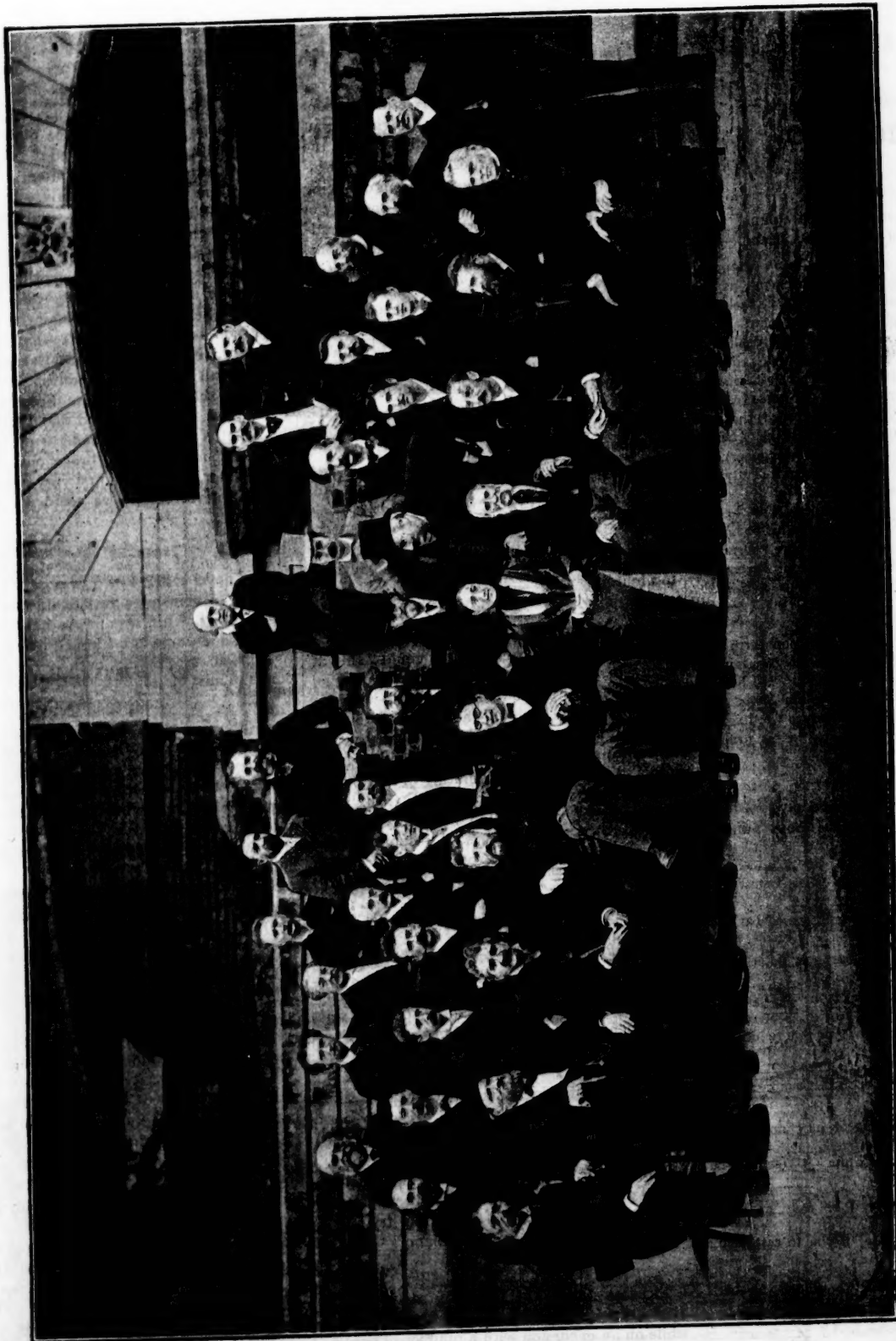
As the play proceeded and a favourite score in the opera was taken, the talented composer unconsciously commenced to hum the refrain as he desired it to be rendered. This considerably annoyed his next-door neighbour, who abruptly remarked,—

"Excuse me, sir, if I mention the fact that I have paid my money to hear Sir Arthur Sullivan's charming opera as given by the company, and not your confounded humming!"

Sir Arthur returned to his dinner and related the incident with great gusto.

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The Great English Schools of Music.

II. The Royal College of Music. By Ferdinand Dunkley, Ex-Scholar.

It is not generally known, I believe, how much this great musical institution, the Royal College, is the outcome of the efforts of the Prince of Wales and his royal brothers to found a musical college that should be of wider and more permanent use to the nation than any existing institution in the United Kingdom. The musical tastes of the Royal Family are well known, as is also the interest they take in the prosperity of the art. In an address delivered at Manchester on December 12, 1881, the Duke of Edinburgh said: "My object is to enlist your sympathy on behalf of music; and, more than that, to obtain an expression of your opinion that the time has arrived when the advancement of music in England should be promoted by the establishment of a central public institution, ranking in importance with the national conservatoires on the Continent." And the late Duke of Albany, at the same meeting, spoke of "the importance and desirability of establishing a national conservatoire or college of music, which shall afford to students the same advantages as those which are afforded in general learning by the Universities and Colleges of the country, and in the other fine arts by the Government at South Kensington." Education at this college was to be both free and on payment, as at public schools. The Prince of Wales spoke on this point at a meeting at St. James's Palace on February 28, 1882. He said: "What I seek to create is an institution bearing the same relation to the art of music as that which our great public schools, Eton and Winchester, for example, bear to general education. On the one side you have scholars who are on the foundation and educated by means of endowments; on the other side, pupils who derive no direct benefit from the foundation."

But what of the Royal Academy of Music? Had not the Royal Academy its scholarships years before this College was thought of? The Academy had scholarships, but they were few in number. The Prince of Wales' wish was to establish one hundred scholarships, fifty of which should provide education, and fifty, maintenance as well as education. That number, however, has not yet been reached.

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The scholarships were tenable for three years, but that period might be extended if the Council thought that extension desirable.*

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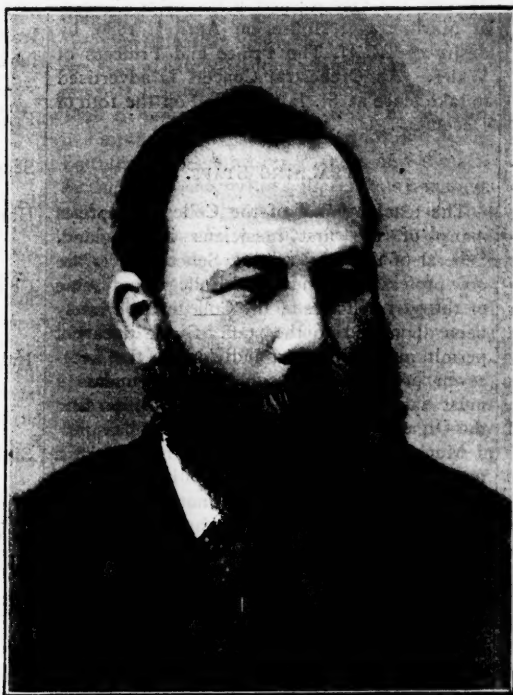
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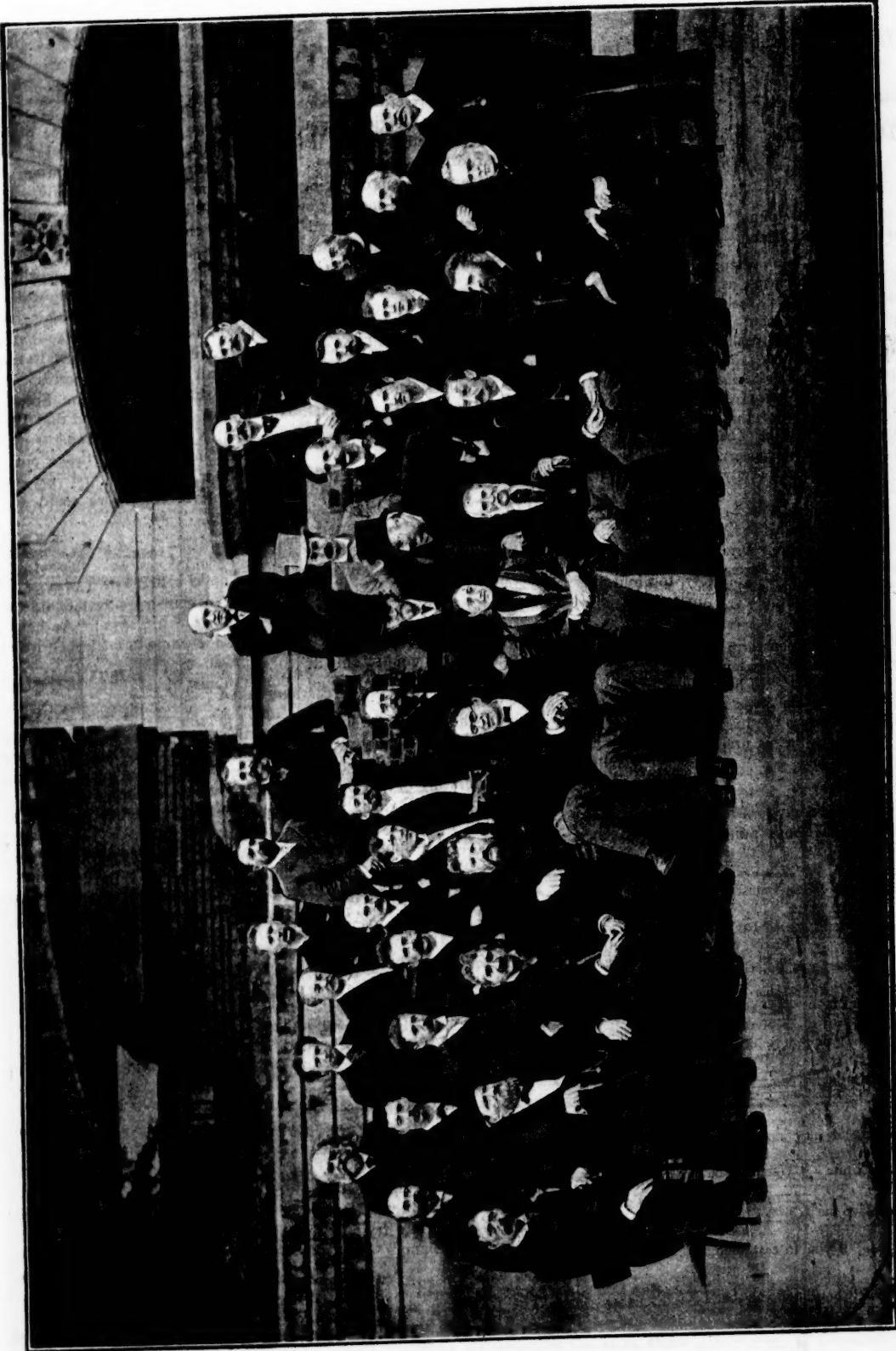
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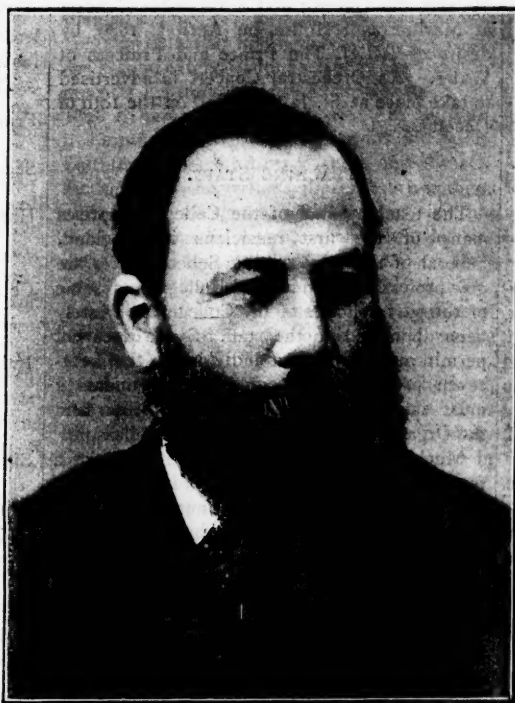
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outer wall, and the overhanging floors give it a very quaint, old-world appearance. But the accommodation is far too limited, as may be illustrated by the fact that a poor student has to work eight-part counterpoint exercises with the din of fiddles and flutes, solfeggios, organs, pianos, and horns assailing him on all sides,—through the walls, in at the doors, in at the windows, and, I had well-nigh said, down the chimneys! There are five organs in the College itself, all going at the same time. Sometimes the door of the concert-room is opened, and one gets a blast of trumpets and trombones if the orchestra is rehearsing, which does not, in all probability, add to the smoothness either of the harmonic progressions or of the professor's temper.

This and the always increasing number of students gave the Council great anxiety as to how they would ultimately find space for the work of the College, when the difficulty was entirely removed by a munificent gift of £45,000 by Mr. Samson Fox of Leeds, and the generous granting of a site for the building by Her Majesty's Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851. Mr. Samson Fox's gift was at first £30,000, but it being estimated that the building would require £45,000, so he magnanimously made it up to that amount. The new building will stand just below the site of the well-known statue, in the old Exhibition grounds, of Prince Albert, which will be moved nearer the Albert Hall. It is thus close to the present College building, and the two will be used in conjunction. The intention of the Council is understood to be to convert the present building into a training school, preparatory to the College itself, and officered by ex-pupils, under the care of the Director. The architect is Sir Arthur W. Blomfield, A.R.A. It will provide for the education of 400 pupils, with provision for further extension; will have its perfectly appointed theatre, so arranged that concerts can be given in it; and a spacious library, large enough for the very valuable collection of musical works which the College possesses.*

The contractor has arranged to finish the work by Easter 1892. The handsome and commodious building will be one more step towards the realisation of H.R.H. the President's entire plan.

THE ALEXANDRA HOUSE.

Another of the Prince of Wales' plans was in part realised by the opening in 1887 of the Alexandra House (adjacent to the Royal College), a home for female students in art and science at Kensington, whereby several of the College students are lodged on the foundation. For although the Alexandra House does not belong to the College, it is like part of the same building, and has doors connecting it. The College also has the use of the beautiful concert-hall for concerts and practices.

PUBLIC PERFORMANCES.

The first concert took place in the West Theatre of the Albert Hall on July 2, 1884, and the concerts were continued there till the opening of the Alexandra House, where they are now much more advantageously given, though the accommodation is still too small. There have been about 120 of these concerts, of which over thirty were orchestral.

Four concerts have been given at Prince's Hall—one chamber and three orchestral. In operatic performances the Royal College has quite taken the lead of all English schools. An

opera has been publicly produced in each of the last six years:—

- 1885, "Figaro" (Acts I. and II.), Mozart.
- 1886, "The Water-Carrier," Cherubini.
- 1887, "Der Freischütz," Weber.
- 1888, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai.
- 1889, "The Taming of the Shrew," Goetz.
- 1890, "Cosi fau tutte," Mozart.

I have already mentioned that the new College building is to contain a theatre, but so important is it that it requires special notice. The benefit which will be derived from the opportunity of always rehearsing on the boards is immeasurable. The operatic stage in England will at last have its complete training school; and there is every reason to hope that the Royal College of Music in London will become as important a school for Opera as is the Conservatoire of Music in Paris. Every musician who has the welfare of music in England at heart will hail with pleasure the opening of the College theatre.

An Orchestral Concert was given at Windsor Castle on June 25, 1887, by command of Her Majesty the Queen; and a Chamber Concert at Marlborough House, on April 3, 1889, by desire of T.R.H. The Prince and Princess of Wales. An Orchestral Concert is advertised to take place at St. James's Hall on the 10th of December.

TEACHING STAFF.

The teaching staff of the College comprises many of the first musicians in England. Several of the old Training School pupils are now professors at the Royal College, and some of the past scholars of the College have lately been appointed to the staff. Space does not permit me to mention individually the forty-seven professors, but of two departments I must say a few words, viz. Composition and the Organ.

Much is often said about the benefits of a foreign musical education, and of its superiority to an English one. I am not prepared to dispute this as regards every branch, although from what I have gleaned from various students who have received their education abroad, I very much doubt whether a better all-round musical education is to be had anywhere than at home in our own Royal College. But let that pass; the point is, instruction in composition. In that particular subject, it is my firm conviction that an English composer could be nowhere better trained anywhere than at the Royal College, under either Dr. Hubert Parry or Dr. Villiers Stanford. Both these gentlemen are practical and eminent, in fact, two of our very first composers, widely read and educated men, and, above all, musicians devoted to the loftiest ideals of art, and knowing no traffic in its baser uses. There is so much lack of devotion to the highest ideals of art in these days, that these two men and a few others are monuments betokening that every one has not bowed down to the golden calf of art debased for gain, and that there are some who still believe that music is something more than an overcrowded profession.

My own particular experience has been with Dr. Parry, having had the advantage of his tuition during the four years I was a scholar at the College. His teaching ability is marvellous. The only way I can illustrate it is—a single touch with his brush transforms the whole of the picture! Sometimes I have laboured over a passage trying to get it into shape, when in a moment he has suggested the one element which was wanted to put the whole passage right. It

was on such occasions that I felt his great power and superiority. One learned in a moment from him that which from some men would take months to learn, if ever learned at all.

With regard to Dr. Stanford, my experience has not been personal, but what I have gathered from his pupils tends to convince me that a better training in composition than is to be obtained from the two gentlemen just named cannot be had in any foreign conservatoire.

Now a few words about the organ. I suppose there is not another school in Europe where that instrument is so extensively taught. There are five organs in the College, and one stationed in the Albert Hall, all constantly in use. The principal professor is Mr. Walter Parratt, organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. His class is always full, and his able tuition has brought out many excellent organists. No doubt the Royal College is doing a great work in the advancement of organ-playing in this country. With Mr. Parratt are associated Dr. Gladstone, Mr. Harford Lloyd of Oxford, and Mr. W. S. Hoyte.

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

The full course of instruction occupies at least three years, and no student is accepted for a shorter period than one year.

The weekly schedule is:—

Principal Study.—Two lessons of one hour each (in conjunction with two other students).

Second Study.—One lesson of one hour (in conjunction with two other students).

Harmony.—One lesson of one hour in class. This is obligatory, unless under very special circumstances.

Counterpoint.—One lesson of one hour in class after the pupil has passed the requisite grade in harmony.

Italian and Declamation.—One lesson of one hour each in class, when singing is the principal study, and the pupil sufficiently advanced.

Sight Singing, Dictation, etc.—One lesson of forty-five minutes.

Choral Singing.—One lesson of one hour and a half.

Opera Singing.—One lesson of not less than an hour.

Ensemble Playing.—Two hours' practice in class, if sufficiently advanced.

Orchestral Practice.—Two hours twice a week, if sufficiently advanced. (The orchestra, under the alternative conductorship of Dr. Stanford and Mr. Henry Holmes, is one of the happiest of the College achievements.)

Department.—One lesson of an hour, if considered advisable.

When composition is the principal study, the pupil in that branch has one lesson a week of half an hour entirely devoted to himself, instead of the two lessons of twenty minutes each. He then has two second studies.

Scholars are sometimes granted even further benefits.

A unique feature at the College is Dr. Parry's course of history lectures, whereby pupils have the opportunity of hearing musical illustrations from the earliest times. It is not too much to say that the examples which illustrate these lectures have probably never been heard elsewhere for very many years. It is startling to think that Dr. Parry's pupils are familiar with the music of Dufay, Josquin des Prés, Obrecht, Orlando Lasso, Dunstable, Adam de la Hèle, etc.

The education fee for paying students is £40 per annum.

Students are examined on entering the College. The fee is one guinea.

* The College Library includes that formerly belonging to the Sacred Harmonic Society and that of the Antient Concerts, besides other very valuable collections presented to the College.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

The Royal College holds annually an examination of a very high grade. Successful candidates bear the title "Associate of the Royal College of Music," or A.R.C.M.

I believe this is the most difficult instrumental examination held in the kingdom. Candidates can be examined in any instrument, or they may take composition or theory as their subject.

As a specimen of the proficiency required, here is a list of pieces in the pianoforte section which the candidate is required to prepare, and the examiners choose from:—

- Bach, Prelude and G sharp minor, Book 2.
- Beethoven, Sonata, Op. 106, Movements 1 and 2.
- Brahms, Rhapsodie in B minor.
- Chopin, Barcarole.
- Liszt, Harmonies du Soir.

A similar standard is maintained for candidates in other branches.

LOCAL EXAMINATIONS OF THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE R.C.M. AND R.A.M.

About a year ago the Royal Academy joined hands with the Royal College for the purpose of conducting local examinations throughout the country. The examinations were held at forty-six different centres, and 1141 candidates were examined.

A scheme for "local school examinations" has just been arranged, and examiners will visit schools.

It is possible that this "Associated Board," as an authoritative and recognised body, will gradually drive all the bogus examinations out of the field. What is really wanted is one great examining body for the whole country: one centre where all degrees, diplomas, and certificates whatsoever shall be granted, all properly graded; instead of the innumerable "examination dépôts" that exist under the present circumstances. The Royal College is empowered by its Charter to grant Degrees, so perhaps the time is not so far ahead when something of the kind may be accomplished.

The various local centres are visited once a year,—but I need give no more official regulations. Those who are interested in the subject can obtain all particulars from Mr. Watson, to whom a great deal of the success of the College is due, through his untiring discharge of the heavy duties incident to the capacity of Registrar and Financial Officer.

THE DIRECTOR.

It only now remains for me to crown this article by a few words about our Director, Sir George Grove. In the group you see him seated on the top of the wall! It is characteristic of him. He is enthroned above them all indeed, but in such a genial, co-operative, unofficial way. Sir George is not one who considers the dignity of his office such as to hold him aloof from all under his direction. He throws himself heart and soul into the affairs of the College, peers into every corner, helps the professor, and is the friend of the pupil. He is whole-hearted in everything he does. With all due respect, I may mention how at the College concerts I have seen him, not sitting in great dignity and in reserved seat as might be expected of THE DIRECTOR, but—as if he were the least important person in the room—sitting on the platform steps! I say it is thoroughly characteristic of him: studying not himself, but absorbed in enthusiastic devotion to the welfare of the College.

An institution with such a Director is bound to prosper. Long may he be spared to preside over this happiest of English musical institutions—the Royal College!

The Life of Schumann.*

THIS new collection of letters by Robert Schumann forms a sequel to the *Early Letters* which, it will be remembered, appeared several years ago. The book is perhaps misnamed a "Life," since the biographical details are scanty, but it is scarcely too much to say that no more interesting and important work of its kind has appeared since the publication of the famous "Mendelssohn Letters." Schumann's position at Leipzig, then, if not now, the capital of the musical world, brought him in contact with the greatest composers and musicians of the day. His position as editor of the organ of the Romantic School, the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, enabled him to give a vivid picture of the inner working of the new revolutionary movement in music; that protest against the superficial taste of the period when Rossini and Donizetti reigned in opera, and Thalberg and Herz in the concert-room.

Gustav Jansen, the editor of the new "Life," has divided his material into three parts. The first contains letters written between 1828 and 1840; the second extends from 1840 to 1854; the third consists entirely of letters to publishers. In 1828 Schumann was but a youth of eighteen, a Leipzig student destined for the law. The first few letters show restlessness and dissatisfaction with the writer's present surroundings and future prospects, with touches of that morbid gloom by which, in after life, he was altogether to be overwhelmed. A trip to Italy in 1829 partly dispels this melancholy. The letters are full of fresh poetical descriptions of the beauties and delights of the land, "wo die Citronen blüh'n."

Like most youthful sons of the Fatherland, Schumann was romantic and susceptible. It is impossible to resist quoting a tribute paid by him to English girls in general, and to one in particular, with whom he had "tender passages" during his stay at Milan. "A beautiful English girl," he writes, "seemed to have fallen in love, not so much with myself as my piano-playing, for all Englishwomen love with the head—I mean they love Brutuses, or Lord Byrons, or Mozarts and Raphaels; they don't care so much about mere beauty, like that of Adonis or Apollo, unless the mind is equally beautiful."

It was not until 1830 that Schumann finally decided to devote himself to music as a profession. In a charming letter to his master, Friedrich Wieck, he announces his intention "not to go against nature, or the good genius may turn away his head for ever." Although he had been accustomed to play and to compose from early childhood, he had but little technical knowledge of his art. Working hard to make up lost time, he partially disabled his hand, a lucky accident as it turned out, since it compelled him to turn his attention entirely to composition.

In 1834 the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* was founded. The principles of the new paper are described as follows, in a letter signed by the four editors:—

"We admire the olden time, condemn the recent past as inartistic, and are endeavouring to prepare for and hasten the future, which is to be altogether fresh and poetical."

Thanks to Schumann's activity and natural literary talent, the journal obtained, as is now

well known, a decided artistic success, though it was some years before it could be placed on a satisfactory financial footing. A novel feature of the *Neue Zeitschrift* was Schumann's so-called "Davidsbund," a purely imaginary society of young artists, who were supposed to contribute letters and articles under such names as Florestan, Eusebius, and Raro. Schumann had a strong desire to give the "Davidsbund" real life "by bringing men of similar opinions, even though they are not professional musicians, nearer together, both by writings and signals." This vague and somewhat Utopian project was never destined to be carried out. The abstract "Davidsbund," however, did good service in its avowed crusade against the "Philistine" critics of the day.

In October 1838 Schumann went to seek his fortune in Vienna. This turned out to be an unfortunate step. In the first place, he found it impossible to obtain permission from the censor to publish his paper in the Austrian capital. Again, he was himself by no means in sympathy with the easy-going, light-hearted Viennese, who, in their turn, were unable to understand the aspirations of the young composer, or to appreciate his efforts. By April 1839 Schumann was back again at Leipzig. One of the most interesting letters written during his stay in Vienna is a communication to Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel respecting the unpublished compositions of Franz Schubert, which Schumann found in the possession of the dead composer's brother. He calls the attention of the publishers to the "several operas, four great masses, four or five symphonies, and a great deal more besides," which, he thinks, might be obtained for a very moderate sum, if the whole lot were to be purchased. Raimund Härtel ultimately agreed to buy the C major Symphony for 180 florins.

In September 1840 Schumann's marriage with Clara Wieck took place, Friedrich Wieck's consent to the union having been wrung from him in a court of law. The letters previous to 1840 contain many allusions to the troubles, anxieties, and sufferings of the young couple, owing to the determined opposition of the lady's father. Never did course of true love run less smoothly.

In 1844, in consequence of a severe nervous attack, brought on by overwork, Schumann was ordered absolute rest and seclusion. He removed with his family to Dresden, where the six following years were spent. As soon as his health allowed, he busied himself with the composition of such important works as the "Faust music" and the opera "Genoveva." The letters contain some very interesting allusions to Richard Wagner, who was Kapellmeister at the Dresden Opera until 1848. Writing to Mendelssohn in October 1845, Schumann remarks: "There is Wagner, who has just finished another opera ('Tannhäuser'), undoubtedly a clever fellow, full of crazy ideas, and bold to a degree. The aristocracy is still raving about Rienzi, but I declare he cannot write or imagine four consecutive bars that are melodious, or even correct."

Schumann gives proof of his open-mindedness and freedom from bigotry in the following passage, written only three months after the above: "I wish you could see 'Tannhäuser,' by Wagner. It contains much that is deep and original, and a great deal of it is a hundred times better than his former operas, though some of the music is certainly very trivial. In short, he may become of immense importance to the stage, and as far as I know him he has got the courage for it. I consider the technical part, the instrumentation, excellent, and it is all far more masterly than it used to be."

* The Life of Schumann. Told in His Letters. Translated from the German by Mary Herbert. Richard Bentley & Son, London.

In 1850 Schumann accepted the post of musical director at Düsseldorf, where he remained until 1854, when the increase of his mental malady necessitated his being placed under restraint.

The most interesting reading to be found in the letters of this, as of the preceding periods, is contained in the numerous references to distinguished contemporaries, whom Schumann regards, with but few exceptions, with generous and enthusiastic admiration. Of Mendelssohn he had ever been a devoted disciple. He looked up to him, he tells us, as to a high mountain, and describes him in glowing terms as "a perfect god," a "diamond straight from heaven." It is curious that in Mendelssohn's Letters there is not a single allusion to Schumann, though the two were on terms of intimate friendship, and frequently corresponded.

Schumann was one of the first to recognise and call attention to the genius of the young Johannes Brahms. In 1853 he compares Brahms, who was then only twenty, to a young eagle, and declares his belief that he is the true apostle, destined to write revelations. Indeed, so great was his appreciation of the young musician that, after a silence of many years, he once again took up his pen and contributed an article upon Brahms to the *Neue Zeitschrift*, his connection with which had long before been severed.

The Letters to Publishers in Part III. contain but little of general interest. Musicians, however, will no doubt read with curiosity and amusement the information furnished by them as to the prices obtained fifty years ago by a celebrated composer for some of his most successful works.

Schubert's Impromptu in B flat, Op. 142, No. 3.

By ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD, MUS. DOC.
T.C.T., F.C.O., L. MUS. T.C.L., L. MUS.
L.C.M.

THAT the present age is an age of criticism, and that excessive criticism is subversive of the true spirit of reverence, are facts too obvious to need any demonstration. It will therefore do us no injury, but on the contrary have a beneficial effect, if we turn alike from the performance and criticism of the

Light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times,

and bestow a portion of our time and attention upon an examination of some of the simpler but none the less beautiful strains in which one of the great masters has embodied a few of his choicest musical ideas.

In selecting for analysis Schubert's Impromptu in B \flat , we were guided in our choice not only by the beauty and popularity of the composition, but by the fact that few analyses of the smaller works of the great masters appear to exist. And these are the kind of works most frequently found in the hands of young students, than whom none more greatly stand in need of analytical descriptions of the works they study. The belief that it supplies a want is therefore our apology for the present article.

The popularity of Schubert's Impromptu is a fact patent to all who take an intelligent interest in the pianoforte music performed by our

musical amateurs. One reason for this popularity is doubtless found in the tuneful melody which pervades the series. Another reason may be that they savour of both the classical and romantic styles of pianoforte music, and thus engage the sympathies of a larger audience. Further causes which tend towards the frequent performance of these works may be their moderate length, and the not too excessive demands they make upon an average technique. These reasons, we think, have much to do in accounting for the fact that out of Schubert's eight Impromptus, the one we are about to discuss shares with its predecessor, Op. 142, No. 2, the distinction of being the most popular of the series.

The compositions by Schubert styled Impromptus, comprising eight movements, of which four are numbered Op. 90 and four Op. 142, are in reality not Impromptus at all, but movements more or less strict as regards form, and possessing little of the character of extempore productions. Of these facts the composer was too well aware to bestow upon the works in question the title they now bear, the autograph of Op. 90 being still in existence, and bearing neither title nor date. The publisher, Haslinger, is generally accredited with the responsibility of the present title, as well as the dedication of the works to Franz Liszt, and the transposition of Op. 90, No. 3, from the key of G \flat into that of G major. Although the autograph of Op. 142 cannot at present be accounted for, the form of these so-called Impromptus is a sufficient proof that their title is a misnomer. So regular is the form of Nos. 1, 2, and 4, that Schubert, who wrote in no measured terms of these works, would have us regard them as the first, second, and third movements of a regular pianoforte sonata. As to the date of these compositions, we can only conjecture from their style that it must have been after 1822, perhaps somewhere about 1825, two years before the composer's death, which took place in 1828, when he was only thirty-one years of age.

But however doubtful the date of these compositions, and however difficult it may be to decide upon their extempore character, there can be no question as to the form of Op. 142, No. 3, the movement with which we are for the present more particularly concerned. The merest tyro in musical form would at once know it to be an air with variations. Of airs with variations for pianoforte solo, Schubert, as compared with Mozart and Beethoven, wrote comparatively few. This is the more remarkable because he lived at a time when airs with variations formed a large percentage of the pabulum of the musical amateur. But Schubert could never be conventional. Mozart and Beethoven might condescend to dash off a few ideas in a popular form so as to procure a little ready cash; but Schubert, although no stranger to hunger or poverty, does not seem to have cared enough for filthy lucre to perpetrate anything in the shape of a "pot-boiler."

The following, all of which are now published by Breitkopf & Härtel, of Leipzig, were the only variations, in the form of detached pieces, Schubert ever wrote for pianoforte solo:—

- | | | |
|----|--|-------------------|
| 1. | Variations in E flat, . . . | Composed in 1812. |
| 2. | Do. in F, . . . | " " |
| 3. | { 10 variations (MS. in possession of Dr. Kreissle von Hellborn), . . . } | " 1815. |
| 4. | { Variations in A minor, upon a theme from a string quartett by Hüttenbrenner, . . . } | " 1817. |
| 5. | { Variations in C minor, upon a waltz by Diabelli, . . . } | " 1821. |

The high opinion in which the variations in B \flat are held by all good musicians is a sufficient evidence of their superiority to the foregoing. In fact, we venture to think that they will compare favourably with many of the best examples the great masters have bequeathed to us of the variation form, as applied to the pianoforte.

In commencing our analysis we first notice the absence of anything in the form of prelude or introduction, the exclusion of all matter foreign to the theme being a decided feature in these variations. The ground thus cleared, we can at once proceed to our examination of the

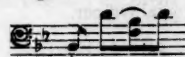
Tema— $\frac{3}{4}$ Time—Andante—B \flat major.

Here the three features of melodic symmetry, rhythmic regularity, and harmonic perspicuity, to which we have already alluded as characteristic of the whole work, are most strikingly displayed. The first sentence, or period, is the orthodox one of eight bars. This is divided into two sections of four bars each, each section being again divided into two sub-sections or phrases, each containing two bars. The first and second phrases of the first section are respectively parallel in their melodic outline to the corresponding phrases of the second. This will be clearly seen from the following, which, for the sake of young students, we hope our readers will forgive us for quoting:—



From this it will appear that the first phrase of the second section is only a repetition in the 8ve above of the first phrase in section I, thus economizing the material, and bringing the initial notes of the tema into due prominence.

The harmonies accompanying the melody above quoted are so simple as to require no comment whatever, all the chords (except the first inversion of the chromatic 7th on the supertonic in bar 4, and the first inversion of the minor 9th on the supertonic in bar 7) being common chords of the tonic or simple dominant discords. The figure



is employed to express the harmonic accompaniment in almost every bar of the tema.

The second sentence of the air, in length of phrases and sections, is identical with the first sentence, and the first phrase of its first section is again parallel to, though not an exact repetition of, the first phrase of the second section, e.g.



It will be observed that the first section of the foregoing represents the episodic portion of the subject, while the second section is merely a return to the primary idea. Throughout the second period of the tema the harmonies, although still simple, are more varied than in the first. Thus the first section, starting with a

transition into the relative minor, G, ends with a regular modulation into the dominant, F. In the second bar of the last section occurs a minor 7th on the tonic,



resolving on to a dominant 11th, followed first by a minor 9th, and then by a minor 7th on the supertonic. Hence we have here the true sign of a great master—variety combined with simplicity.

A coda, two bars in length, formed by repeating the last bar of the second period, brings the tema to a close. Note the delicate phrasing in the bass of the first bar of coda. One is almost tempted to write it with an accent for fear the emphasis should not be sufficient—



For the benefit of our younger readers, we may mention that opinion is divided as to the rendering of the embellishments found in the 2nd and 6th bars of the second part of our tema. That in bar 2 is given thus in the Schlesinger edition—



This is evidently regarding the embellishment as an appoggiatura. Dr. Hugo Riemann would regard it as a "nachschiag," or as forming with the following note part of a turn. In the latter case the execution would be—



The remaining ornament in bar 6 of the second sentence is treated as a mordent or transient shake, thus—



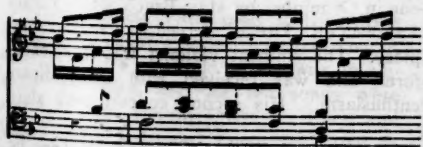
VAR. 1.—B♭ major.

This may be described as a variation formed by arpeggios of semiquavers in the right hand part, the left hand supplying a firm harmonic substratum. The melodic outline is preserved by treating the first and fourth notes of the semiquaver arpeggio as an independent upper part, thus—



To secure due prominence and perfect legato in executing this melody, much care has to be bestowed upon the fingering.

The harmonic outline of the tema is, as a rule, preserved; but at bars 3, 8, and 9 there occurs an interesting transition into C minor. Occasionally we have a doubling of the melody in the tenor. In the coda this becomes of considerable interest, e.g.—

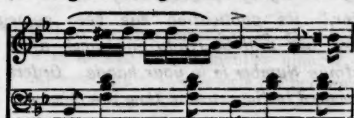


and, from its similarity to passages usually assigned to the horns in modern orchestration, betrays the hand of a composer well acquainted

with orchestral effects. The rhythmic outline in this and the other variations remains the same as in the tema, the number of the bars and their division into sections, etc., being identical, with the exception of the modulatory passage attached to var. 4, and the Finale at the end of var. 5.

VAR. 2.—B♭ major.

This variation shares with No. 5 the honour of being the most graceful of the series. To ensure a due observance of its varying shades of expression and changes of phrasing, much delicacy of touch is required. The movement is purely a melodic variation, the harmonies of the tema remaining intact. The melodic figure at the commencement of the first bar, and the quasi-syncope harmonies accompanying it, contain the germ thoughts of the whole variation.



At the beginning of the episodic portion in bar 9, the "action" is transferred to the left hand, with the chordal accompaniment in the right until bar 13, when the primary idea of the variation is resumed and developed. Bar 12 has a most felicitous bit of quasi-imitation between the extreme parts—

Sva.....



Notice also, in the tenor part of the penultimate bar, the change from the 5th to the



3rd of the dominant 7th, in order to complete the harmony, and avoid a clashing with the auxiliary note, C♯ in the treble.

The turns in bars 2 and 6 should be executed thus—



the shake in bar 14—



For this and the following variation, Dr. Hugo Riemann suggests a slower tempo than that assigned to the Tema.

VAR. 3.—B♭ minor.

Here we have a variation in the orthodox key of the tonic minor, the melody being developed entirely from the tema, and the harmony transposed as nearly as possible into the key of B♭ minor, but expressed by groups of light staccato chords, in triplets of quavers, whose upper notes form a progression not unlike that of an inverted turn, e.g.—



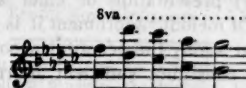
To prevent monotony, the first eight bars are written out in full at the 8ve above, and not marked with a repeat at the same pitch as in all the other variations. Great care should be taken by young students not to treat the ordinary quavers in the right hand part as triplets, but to let them enter as marked in the foregoing extract. The semiquaver preceded by the dotted quaver, as in the first part of bar 2, should fall after the last note of the bass triplets, and not with that note, as is sometimes the case in compositions of an earlier date.

VAR. 4.—G major.

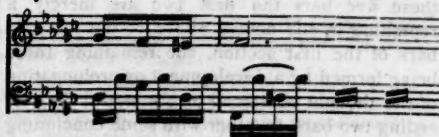
An ordinary pianoforte-player, possessing no knowledge of harmony, would be puzzled to know why this movement is termed a variation at all, because although (with the exception of a modulatory passage at the close) its rhythmic construction is similar to that of the tema, it affords, when compared with the latter, no melodic coincidence whatever. But an examination of the prevailing harmonies show them to be almost an exact transposition of those employed in the tema. The variation is therefore not melodic but harmonic, or, as Dr. Hubert Parry would prefer to term it, "structural." It is almost entirely developed from a melodic figure assigned to the left hand, and announced in the first bar, the harmonic accompaniment being taken up by the right hand in the form of figures of semiquavers, the lower notes of which form a kind of inverted pedal—



The note marked * is wanting in some editions. At bar 5 the melody passes over to the treble, the left hand supplying the accompaniment. The episodic portion of the variation (bars 9-12) and the final section (bars 13-16) contain the melody in the bass during their two first, but in the upper part during their two last bars. The melody of bar 16 consists of a figure previously heard in bars 8 and 12—



This is repeated twice over, first at the octave below, and then an octave lower still in single notes, thus forming a coda two bars in length. Then follows a bar of modulation in which a change from G♯ major to B♭ major is effected by enharmonically treating what is really a minor seventh on the tonic, G♯, as a German sixth on the sub-mediante of B♭ minor—E natural being written instead of F♯—and then resolving this discord on to the second inversion of the common chord of B♭ major—



This harmony continues throughout the bar, and changes in the next to that of the dominant seventh in the key of B flat major, thus preparing the way for the final variation which immediately follows. The melody of the last bar is interesting as being formed of the figure which we noticed as occurring in bars 8, 12, and 16, and in the coda. Here, however,

it is transposed into B flat major and augmented—



VAR. 5.—B \flat major.

This most graceful and beautiful variation is formed by scale passages in triplets of semiquavers assigned to the right hand, *pianissimo*, during the first sentence, and then to left, *forte*, during the greater part of the episodic section, returning to the upper part at the resumption of the principal subject. The accompanying harmonies are almost identical in form and notation with those employed in variation 2. The tenderly delicate character of the first sentence is admirably contrasted by the fiery bass passages of the episodic section, the "action" culminating in bar 12 where the syncopated chords and the descending arpeggi in the right hand seem to hurl back defiance to the ascending arpeggi in the left—



But the entry of the principal subject in bar 14 seems to throw oil upon the troubled waters, and the coda—formed as in the previous variation by repeating twice, an octave lower each time, the melody of the last bar of the final section—reminds one of the distant rumble of a departing storm spending itself in the far-off distance. The shake in bar 15 is performed in the same manner as that in var. 2, bar 14. In bar 16 the E \flat in the second group of semiquavers is written as D \sharp by Dr. Hugo Riemann, and the B \sharp in the first group is (probably by a printer's error) omitted in the Litolf edition.

The coda to the 5th variation is followed by what Dr. Turpin elects to call an "unadorned (?) presentation of chief section of theme." Of melodic adornment it is true there is none, but surely the beautiful accompanying harmonies constitute sufficient adornment for any melody, e.g.—



This coda to the whole work consists of two sections, of which the first contains the orthodox number of four bars; but the second is an extended section of five bars (2 + 3). Of these five bars the first two are merely a repetition in the octave above of the last two bars of the first section, the remaining three being formed by a development or prolongation of the thought contained in the last of the preceding two bars, together with some concluding chords.

When we come to consider that this work contains no matter foreign to the theme,—the 4th variation being, as we have already noticed, a structural or harmonic variation, and the coda to that variation, and the modulatory passage leading to the 5th variation, being developed from a melodic figure previously employed,—the mere absence of monotony would have been

sufficient to excite our admiration apart from the fact that not only has Schubert succeeded in accomplishing this desideratum, but he has been fortunate enough to produce a work perennial in its simplicity of beauty. The development of an important composition from a comparatively slender theme is beyond all doubt the indication of a master mind; but to thoughtful men it may mean more than this, even a human reproduction of a divine attribute, for are we not told upon the highest poetical authority that

He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister.

With this Number we give an extra Supplement, containing eight specimen pages of the "Magazine of Music Pictorial Pianoforte Tutor." Owing to eighty pages being added to the "Tutor," its publication has been somewhat delayed, but will be ready one week after this Christmas Number is in your hands. Orders will be executed in the rotation they are received.

Musical Life in London.

AN interesting Romance from a MS. Suite in C minor, by Mr. Claudius H. Coudery, was given at the Crystal Palace on October 25. M. Emile Sauret, the well-known Belgian artist, introduced Raff's Violin Concerto No. 2 (Op. 206). It is a clever and effective work, and the interpreter was able to do full justice to it. It is strange that this concerto should not have been heard before, and still stranger that the 1st (Op. 161) should still remain unheard. The programme included Mendelssohn's "Melusina" and Schumann's magnificent "Rhenish" Symphony, which were both given in magnificent style under the direction of Mr. Manns. Miss Thudichum was the vocalist. M. Paderewski appeared at the concert on the following Saturday, and played Schumann's Concerto in A minor. Every one knows by this time that the pianist has special gifts of touch and technique, and there was indeed much to praise in the performance; only it was (especially in the first movement) distinctly a "Chopin" reading; and a style which perfectly suits the Polish composer only spoils Schumann. M. Paderewski was heard afterwards in a "Melody" of his own, and in Liszt's 12th Rhapsody: for the latter he received tremendous applause, and played a Chopin *Étude* to pacify his admirers. Mr. Manns gave a highly-finished rendering of Brahms' beautiful Symphony in F (No. 3); judging by the applause, it is evidently a great favourite at the Crystal Palace. The programme included Dr. Mackenzie's graceful "Benedictus," Cherubini's brilliant "Anacreon" Overture, and Berlioz' clever setting of the "Invitation,"—a feast of good things. Mr. Ben Davies sang "Come, Margarita, come," and Piatti's Serenade, "Awake! awake!" with much success.

The concert on November 8 commenced with Grieg's characteristic concert-overture, "In Autumn." Mr. Frederic Cliffe's tone picture for orchestra, "Cloud and Sunshine," produced last

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season at a Philharmonic concert, was given here for the first time. The thematic material may not be altogether satisfactory, but the composer well understands the art of development, and knows how to handle the orchestra. Mme Schmidt-Köhne, from the Berlin Royal Opera, sang Mozart's Scena and Aria, "Mia speranza adorata," in a refined and expressive manner. Mr. E. Lloyd was encored in Mr. Manns' pleasing Romance, "Minnie." The second part of the programme was devoted to Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." On November 15, M. Holman, the eminent 'cellist, played a brilliant concerto of his own composition. The programme included Spohr's "Power of Sound," and Auber's sparkling "Masaniello" Overture. Miss Macintyre was the vocalist.

M. Paderewski's performance of the "Appassionata," at the Saturday Popular Concert on October 25, was an event of importance. All pianists are anxious to try that work, but how few succeed in interpreting it in a satisfactory manner. M. Paderewski's reading was a good and characteristic one, only there were moments when he played with, rather than played the music; in other words, he came between the composer and the earnest listener. The programme opened with Mendelssohn's A minor Quartet, and closed with Brahms' Pianoforte Quartet in A major: both works were admirably rendered. Miss Liza Lehmann sang with much charm and refinement songs by Arne and Thome. M. Paderewski appeared again on the following Monday evening, when he gave a delightful reading of Haydn's F minor Variations. He also played Chopin's C sharp minor Scherzo. Beethoven's Quartet in C, and Schubert's pianoforte Trio in B flat, were included in the programme. Mr. Norman Salmond, the vocalist, was successful. Sir C. Hallé was pianist on Saturday, November 1, and gave Beethoven's Sonata in E minor with his usual charm and refinement. Madame Néruda delighted her audience with Handel's Sonata in D major, and Spohr's "Barcarolle" by way of encore. Dvorák's brilliant Pianoforte Quartet was another attractive feature of the programme. Mr. Norman Salmond was again vocalist. On November 3, Mr. Leonard Borwick gave an accurate and intelligent performance of Beethoven's C minor Variations, and took part in Schumann's Pianoforte Trio in D minor. Mr. Ffrangcon Davies gave an effective rendering of Dr. Stanford's song, "La Belle Dame sans Merci." M. Paderewski attracted a large audience on Saturday, November 8, and his Chopin solos, including the seldom heard Ballade in F minor, were magnificently played. On the following Monday he performed Schumann's "Carneval," but he is not in proper sympathy with the music: some of the numbers, however, were delightfully rendered. The programme included Dvorák's lovely Quartet in E flat, which was admirably played under the leadership of Madame Néruda. Mr. A. Oswald was the vocalist, and sang a new song of Mr. Frederic Cliffe's, entitled, "A Silent Voice," with the composer as accompanist.

Señor Sarasate gave the first of a series of autumnal concerts at St James's Hall, on October 18. He played two concertos, one by the French composer Bernard, and the other (the one in G. minor) by Max Bruch, while Ernst's Fantasia on "Otello" served as a special show piece. The eminent violinist was in splendid form, and was received with extraordinary enthusiasm. His second concert took place

STEINWAY & SONS, Pianoforte Makers, by special appointment to Her Majesty the Queen and Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.—ADV.

on Monday afternoon, November 3, when he again gave two concertos, Saint-Saëns No. 3, and the Mendelssohn: his playing in both was of the very best. At both concerts there were orchestral pieces, under the direction of Mr. Cusins. These brief notices of the "Sarasate" concerts are too brief, but space compels. Fortunately, the player needs no praise, and is above criticism.

We must also add very brief notices of other musical events. Señor Albeniz gave a first orchestral concert at St. James's Hall on Friday, November 7, at which there were some Spanish novelties, including a Moorish Fantasia in four movements by Chape, bright, tuneful, and full of "local colour"; and a Symphony in E flat by Breton, a clever, though scarcely original work. The composer was conductor, and an able one, of the concert. M. Albeniz played in a charmingly refined manner a concerto of Mozart's in D, and he was also heard, although to less advantage, in Schumann's A minor concerto. The concert was well attended, and there was much applause during the evening.

The first of Sir Charles Hallé's six orchestral concerts took place at St. James's Hall on Friday, November 14. The programme opened with Beethoven's "Leonora," No. 3, which was given with tremendous vigour. Madame Néruda played with her usual finish and charm Viotti's Concerto in A minor. Two of Dvorák's delightful legends, and Schubert's great Symphony in C, were also included. Sir Charles Hallé conducted with much intelligence and energy, but was scarcely in his best form. Of his excellent Manchester band, with Mr. Willy Hess as principal, there is no occasion to speak in detail.

M. Paderewski gave an interesting pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday, November 12, opening with Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, Op. 111: his rendering of the first movement was somewhat hurried, but the Variations were performed with great refinement and poetry. He played some Schubert-Liszt pieces, including the "Erl-king"; also Chopin's "Funeral March" Sonata, a Nocturne, Prelude, and Études. The sonata was unequally rendered; the best movements were the first and last. M. Paderewski was also heard in some difficult Variations of his own, and he concluded a long programme with Liszt's terribly difficult "Don Juan" Fantasia. The audience was large and enthusiastic.

Madame Essipoff has been giving pianoforte recitals at the Steinway Hall. At her first, on October 23, she played Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 26), the Brahms Variations on a theme by Handel, and other short pieces. The Variations were admirably rendered. Mr. Franklin Clive, who was in good voice, sang Dr. Stanford's remarkably fine song, "La Belle Dame sans Merci." At the second concert the principal item of the programme was Schumann's Sonata in G Minor.

There have also been pianoforte recitals by two young pianists, Master Brahm Van den Berg, and Master Isidore Pavia. They are both agile with their fingers, but neither is really ripe enough to come yet before the public.

Madame Adelina Patti sang at the Albert Hall on Monday, November 3, and, of course, attracted a large audience. She was in unusually fine voice, and all her songs were encored. Mlle. Douilly, Miss E. Rees, and Messrs. Lloyd, Lely, and Foote, took part in the programme. Mr. Schönberger played pianoforte solos. Mr. Ganz was conductor of the orchestra.

Mr. Barnby opened his season at the Albert

Hall on November 12 with "Elijah." Madame Schmidt-Koehne from Berlin, and Madame Swatlovsky were the principal lady vocalists; the first has a fine soprano voice, but is not apparently used to sing in oratorios. The second was not in good voice. Messrs. Ben Davies and Mr. Watkin Mills were much applauded. The choruses were given with wonderful strength, purity of intonation, and effective lights and shades. The music is familiar to the choir, and they sing it in a manner which it would be difficult to surpass.

The Bristol Musical Festival.

THE two opening meetings of the Festival were noticed in last month's number, and my next task is to chronicle the performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," which took place on the morning of the 23rd of October. The principal vocalists were Mesdames Albani and Hope Glenn, Messrs. Iver M'Kay and Andrew Black. The last-named gentleman was new to a Bristol audience, and he was in the trying position of replacing Mr. Santley, with whom the music allotted to the part of the Prophet has become identified. Mr. Black could therefore hardly hope to escape a comparison; nevertheless, his fine voice and sympathetic delivery made an extremely favourable impression. In the scene of the raising of the widow's son, Mr. Black showed a thorough mastery of his part, and sang with dignity and feeling. Madame Hope Glenn also came as a stranger in oratorio here, and her artistic rendering of the contralto music was a sufficient testimony to her capability as an exponent of sacred music. Her refined and devotional style was excellently suited to the airs "Woe to them," and "O rest in the Lord;" nor was she found wanting in the declamatory passages "Have ye not heard?" Madame Glenn evidently possesses a fund of quiet pathos, which is only too rigidly controlled, even so as to earn for her the epithet of "cold" from many of her listeners. Mr. Iver M'Kay was entrusted with the tenor solos, and threw quite a wealth of feeling into the air "If with all your hearts." Madame Albani is one of the few who can be clearly heard above the too heavy orchestral accompaniments, and her brilliant voice surmounted all difficulties, and was never heard to greater advantage than in the soprano solos, for all of which she was responsible. For the chorus, they sang well and heartily, evidently thoroughly enjoying their task. Their best efforts were the first chorus, the first of the Baal choruses, "Thanks be to God," and "Be not afraid." The chorus "Blessed are the men," which, for some reason seldom goes well in any choir, was ragged, and "He watching over Israel" was lacking both in softness and clearness, the band encouraging the chorus to sing too loud. More rehearsal would have improved the fugue in the last chorus, but the climax was, nevertheless, very fine, and the impression left at the end of the oratorio was one of great satisfaction and enjoyment.

The audience next day for Dr. Parry's "Judith," though the smallest of the week, was fairly good, and from the interest manifested throughout, it may safely be predicted that this, the first performance of "Judith," will not also be the last in our city. The freshness which characterised the whole performance was very pleasing. Some of the best points were the "Moloch" choruses, especially the first one, when the attack in "Hail, thou art highly favoured, king," was exceptionally firm, and "Thy King is come again," and "Crown we the stainless victims." A weak start was made in "The God of our fathers," but this was atoned for subsequently, and the latter part of the chorus was very finely sung. The choir, and especially the soprano portion of it, had a most trying task, for the range is so high in many of the choruses as to be a severe strain upon most voices. Certainly Mr. Rootham may be congratulated on the way in which his forces acquitted themselves in this

new work, and in a second performance the little want of courage and firmness will be remedied.

As for the soloists, Miss Macintyre deserves unqualified praise for her dramatic realisation of the exacting part of Judith. Her high notes were wonderful, and it is a pity that her chest notes are not proportionately strong. A little more depth of feeling might have occasionally been wished for, but in brilliancy and fire she never failed, and she scored quite a triumph in her entry on the high B, in the phrase "Ho! ye upon the walls."

Miss Hilda Wilson's rendering of the part of Mes-hullemeth cannot be too highly spoken of, and her sympathetic voice was heard to perfection in the ballad "Long since in Egypt's plenteous lands," a beautiful piece of music, beautifully sung. As the King, Mr. Lloyd satisfied every wish, and the parts of the two children were taken by two boys belonging to the Madrigal Society. Mr. Bantock Pierpoint and Mr. Watkin Mills satisfactorily took the parts of the High Priest and the Messenger. The work was certainly highly favoured as to soloists, and also in having the orchestral parts in the hands of Sir C. Hallé's band.

The most popular concert in the series was the one on Friday evening, when the programme included Sullivan's "Golden Legend" and a miscellaneous selection. Colston Hall was crowded in every part, and not a seat was vacant. The performance was a most enjoyable one, the Festival Choir scoring one of the greatest successes of the week in the unaccompanied Evening Hymn, "O Glad-some Light," which would almost have reached perfection, but for a slight want of unity in the first start. The male-voice chorus at the end of the prologue went very well, the organ accompaniment being most artistically supplied by Mr. G. Riseley. As Elsie Madame Albani was perfection, and the same may be said of Mr. Lloyd's singing of the part of Prince Henry. Mr. Bantock Pierpoint made a very fair Lucifer, though he was a trifle ponderous, and one missed the easy satire of Mr. Santley. Mr. Pierpoint, too, suffered from too powerful an accompaniment. In the second part, space will only allow of one item being noticed, and that was Wagner's "Ride of the Walkyries," played in a perfectly marvellous way by Sir C. Hallé's band. Here, indeed, was orchestral playing to perfection. The next day the Festival came to an end with what cannot be described as more than an average performance of the "Messiah." The solos were in the hands of Madame Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Watkin Mills, and Worlock. A collection was taken after each of the morning performances on behalf of the Bristol Royal Infirmary and Hospital.

A CONTEMPORARY gives an interesting account of the Hohenzollern Museum at Monbijou Castle, near Berlin, and adds sketches of the most remarkable relics. Amongst them is an engraving of a double harpsichord, one of two made by Tschudi, the founder of the well-known house of John Broadwood & Sons, for the Emperor Frederick the Great, in 1765. The original Broadwood was Tschudi's son-in-law, and in Frederick the Great's harpsichord there are signs of John Broadwood's work. These instruments were ordered of Tschudi on the completion of the new palace for the apartments of Prince Henry and the Princess Amelia. In 1773 Tschudi and Broadwood supplied a similar harpsichord to Frederick's antagonist, Marie Theresa. This instrument also still exists, and was in the Inventions Loan Collection of 1885.

AN OCTOGENARIAN PIANO.—The *London Music Trades' Review* quotes the following from the *Newburyport Herald*, U.S.A.:—

"The old piano spoken of in an item in the *Herald*, Tuesday, was made by John Broadwood & Sons, of London, in 1810, to order for the daughter of a Canadian official, but before the instrument could be completed the vessel by which it was to have been shipped sailed. The consignee of the vessel commanded by Capt. Isaac Stone purchased it, and presented the instrument to him, who brought it to this city. It is reported that the late William Balch owned the first piano ever brought to Newburyport.

"This does not seem altogether to agree with the American idea that directly a British piano reaches the New World it promptly falls to pieces. This particular Broadwood piano seems to have survived the American climate for the tolerably long life of eighty years."—November 3, 1890.

Welsh Memo. and Musings.

BY "AP THOMAS."

—:o:—

MISS MARY OWEN.

THIS well-known Welsh soprano, who has been in ill-health for a considerable time past, has gone to South Africa to recruit.

AN EISTEDDFOD IN YORKSHIRE.

I was not hitherto aware that Middlesbrough contained a large Welsh element, but I see that a Welsh Eisteddfod is to be held there on New Year's Day. Mr. W. Abraham, M.P. ("Mabon"), is to conduct.

AN INTERESTING MUSICAL RELIC.

Mr. D. Emlyn Evans, the well-known Welsh composer, critic, and Eisteddfodic adjudicator, has presented to the library of the University College of North Wales, Bangor, the original manuscript copy of the first Welsh oratorio ever published, the late Rev. E. Stephen's "Storm of Tiberias," a work which is still a favourite with the great choral societies of the Principality.

A CAPITAL SUGGESTION.

The Town Council of the South Wales borough of Neath hold in their hands the sum of £210—half the proceeds of the charity concert recently given there by Madame Patti. It is now suggested that the *diva* should be approached with the object of giving a second concert, and that the proceeds of the two should be invested in Consols, and the interest annually distributed amongst the poor of the town. Recognising the worthiness of the object, there is little doubt that Madame Patti will graciously accede to the proposal.

A NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD CHOIR.

There has been raised the question of the formation of a choir to take part in the proceedings of the National Eisteddfod, to be held at Swansea next year, and there has been some talk about the Swansea Musical Society taking part in that duty. The Society, however, will go on its own way, and in all probability a separate Eisteddfod choir will be established, with contingents from Morriston, Landore, and Swansea, under the conductorship of "Eos Morlais," with Mr. Watkins (Morriston), Mr. Jones ("Ap Caradog," Landore), and Mr. J. D. Thomas (Ebenezer Chapel, Swansea), as contingent and assistant conductors.

COLLAPSED!

It was with no little blowing of trumpets that the Welsh National Opera Company took to the roads with "Arianwen" in the summer. It was intended that the tour should extend all over Wales till Christmastide, but the whole venture ingloriously collapsed a few weeks ago, and the Principality will know the Welsh National Opera Company no more. A correspondent sends me some severe strictures upon the manner the tour was conducted, but I have an eye to the law of libel, and will forbear.

THE CARDIFF MUSICAL FESTIVAL ASSUMES DEFINITE SHAPE.

Last month I referred to the fact that efforts were being made to establish a musical festival at Cardiff. The following circular has since been issued:—

Sir or Madam,—We earnestly invite your co-operation and support in our efforts to establish a musical festival in Cardiff, on a scale similar to that of the musical gatherings at Gloucester, Worcester, Leeds, and other towns, some of which are greatly inferior to Cardiff in wealth and importance. Following the example of the towns named, we find it necessary that we should obtain at least 500 members, who would each guarantee a sum of £10 to the undertaking. The guarantors would not be called upon except in the case of a deficit. We may state that the scheme is cordially supported by the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, and also by the Very Rev. the Dean of Llandaff. In the report of the recent Worcester Festival it is stated that

£600 was cleared, besides the £1000 collected for the Charity Fund. We think a similar result might be attained in Cardiff. For the first festival we should propose to give three morning and three evening performances of oratorios, cantatas, and other high-class music, the surplus profits to be given to the South Wales and Monmouthshire Infirmary. We venture to hope that, in the highest and noblest interests of the art of music, you will give us your cordial help in establishing the above on a sound basis. Replies should be sent to either of the undersigned as early as possible.—We are, yours faithfully,

HUGH BROOKSBANK, Mus. Bac.
(Organist of Llandaff Cathedral),
Sunnyside, Canton,
Festival Organist.

WALTER SCOTT,
Camden House, Roath,
Festival Conductor.

The response to this circular, I understand, has been favourable, and there seems to be every prospect that the proposal will be carried through to success.

IT IS QUITE TRUE.

The subjoined paragraph, written *apropos* to the proposed festival, embraces my sentiments to a T. I therefore offer no excuse for transferring it bodily from the *South Wales Echo* to these columns. It will afford English readers an opportunity of observing how matters musical are managed in certain circles in Welsh Wales:—

"Every musician his own conductor." It is this that has ruined choral music in many of the large towns of South Wales. Every man who has got well over his rudiments, who has vague notions of the intricate art of beating time, and has some elementary conceptions of singing, straightway forms a class. He may know much or he may know little, but in either case the society is small, without funds, lacking in knowledge, and thus on weak crutches choral music in Wales has limped along for half a century. It has even been my good fortune to see the novel and interesting spectacle of an orchestra, conducted by one of these batoned gentlemen, absolutely indifferent to his ruling and following in lieu thereof the first violin. Nor was this all. The conductor never knew it! He beat six-eight when the band was playing three-four, and would wave his baton frantically, right, left, up, down, for very life, whilst the strings were proceeding leisurely along the lazy, indolent path of an allegretto! The choir has usually been formed for the conductor; it has seldom been the conductor who has been sought for by the choir.

A FAITHFULLY-KEPT PROMISE.

"Constant Readers" of these my monthly mems. will remember that so delighted was Mr. Joseph L. Roeckel, the well-known composer, with the Welsh Ladies Choir's rendering of his cantata "Westward Ho!" at the St. James's Hall, London, in July, that he there and then offered to write a cantata specially for the choir. I ventured to suggest at the time that it would be a fitting compliment to Mrs. Clara Novello Davies, and her bevy of Welsh lady vocalists, were a distinctly Welsh theme adopted. Judge, therefore, of my pleasure when I am informed that Mr. Roeckel has carried out his promise, and adopted the suggestion. Writing to Mrs. Davies, under date of Nov. 7, Mr. Roeckel intimates that he has completed the cantata, and that it has gone to the printers to be engraved.

The libretto (he says) is by Shapcott Wensley, the author of my last cantata "Merrie Old England." He has chosen a Welsh subject, which he has carried out with striking effect and beauty. As to the music, it is on a more important scale than "Westward Ho!" and I have not spared your choir with regard to the demands I have made upon its great powers. By those who have seen the cantata it is considered my best work of the kind, and, as it has been a real labour of love, I think so too. Besides, the piano, the harp, and the organ take part in the accompaniment, and I have written a supplementary second piano part, which will add materially to the instrumental effect.

The work will be of great interest to all my Welsh readers. I therefore offer no apology for giving all the particulars concerning the cantata with which I have been furnished. The characters are three in number:—

GWLYDS ("The Mountain Rose"), Soprano.
OLWEN, Mezzo-Soprano.
PRINCE GRYFFYDD, Contralto.

The following is the index to the music:—

Introduction and Chorus, "Dawn on Eryri."
Recit. and Air (contralto), "Lament of Gryffydd."
Chorus, "Approach of Mountain Maidens."
Duet (soprano and contralto), Gwyls and Gryffydd.
Intermezzo and Chorus, "Storm on Eryri."
Recit. (mezzo-soprano), Olwen.
Song (soprano with Chorus, "The Harp of Aneurin."
March and Choral Prayer, "The Alarm."
Duet (soprano and contralto), "The Farewell."
Final Chorus, "The Call to Arms."

Now, as to the story of "The Mountain Rose," for it is by this title that the cantata will be known. It runs thus:—

The young Prince Gryffydd is one of the numerous Welsh chieftains who at various periods in the history of their national struggles and disasters, sought safety in the fastnesses of the Snowdonian range. The scene opens with dawn upon the peaks of Eryri, and the discovery of the Prince, who is bewailing his unhappy lot in the song, "Lament of Gryffydd." Then some mountain girls are heard approaching. It would appear that these hardy maidens, by reason of their avocation, adopted the means of communication with the hidden Prince least likely to create suspicion. For one of them, whom he calls his "Mountain Rose," Gryffydd has conceived a strong personal interest. The incidents which follow the arrival upon the scene of the merry mountain lasses require little or no explanation. After the delivery of their message, there is a sudden storm upon the mountains. While sheltering, Gwyls ("The Mountain Rose") sings a ballad in praise of "The Harp of Aneurin"—an early minstrel, described by Mrs. Hemans as "one of the noblest of Welsh bards." An alarm is caused by the approach of the enemy's soldiers in search of Gryffydd, but the danger passes, and is followed by a prayer and thanksgiving, in which the Prince, bidding farewell for a while to "The Mountain Rose" and the friends of his retreat, braces himself for another effort in defence of the "land of his home and love."

I shall keenly anticipate the performance of so promising a work. Mrs. Davies might do worse than leave it for her second London concert next summer.

IN MEMORIAM.

Wales is distinctly the poorer by the sudden death of one of her sweetest songsters—Madame Williams-Edwards, better known by her maiden name of Miss Annie Williams. Wherever the Welsh language was spoken was the deceased known and appreciated. Her loss is therefore keenly felt, for Wales is not too well blessed with contraltos of such a stamp. Miss Williams was born at Mountain Ash about thirty-four years ago, and received her first lessons in music from her father, who was a capital choir leader. After making a very successful *debut* at a chapel concert at Cardiff, she went to Aberystwyth, and studied music under the guidance of Dr. Joseph Parry. Her career here was one of unchecked honour. She won the three years' scholarship of the annual value of £60, and some smaller exhibitions, and finally obtained the Associateship of the College. She afterwards removed to London, and studied voice-training under Mrs. Watt Hughes. After this she became a most successful music-teacher. At the "In Memoriam" service, held at the New Jewin Welsh Chapel, London, Miss Nellie Asher, Miss O. Grey, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Lucas Williams sang.

Music in North Staffordshire.

—:o:—

THE Committee of the Musical Festival has wisely decided to call upon the guarantors to make good the loss incurred by the late meeting, and to keep in hand the reserve fund which was put aside from the profits of the first Festival in 1888. At a meeting of the Executive it was also suggested that some slight recognition of the services rendered by the chorus should be taken, by distributing among the members copies of the interesting book of analytical notes which was compiled for the occasion. Dr. Swinnerton Heap, the conductor of the Festival, has, in addition, sent an autograph letter to each member, expressing his thanks for the splendid way in which his cantata, "Fair Rosamond," was performed. This work, it is interesting to note, is being largely taken up by choral societies, and at a recent performance at Wolverhampton the favourable verdict obtained at Hanley was fully endorsed. Dr. Heap's future work will doubtless be looked forward to with great interest.

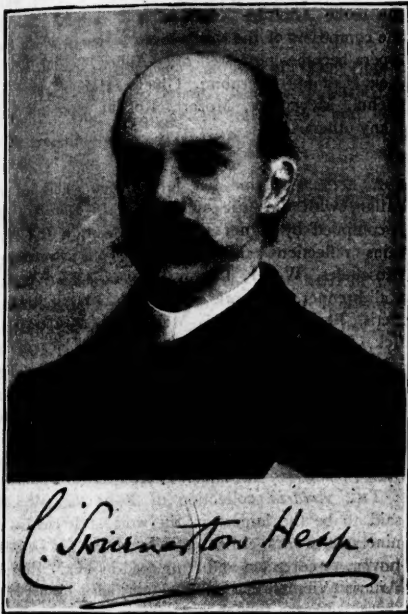
The local choral societies have again got to work. The Stoke-upon-Trent Philharmonic Society has put in rehearsal Dr. Parry's "Judith," and a selection of Mendelssohn choruses. The orchestral section of the Society will be again a distinguishing feature.

The fortunes of the Hanley and Shelton Philharmonic Society seem to be at the present time

under a cloud, and a plebiscite of the members is being taken as to whether or not it shall continue to exist.

The Newcastle-under-Lyme Philharmonic Society is rehearsing "Jephtha," which will be performed shortly in the fine assembly room which has lately been built for the town. The Burslem Tonic Sol-Fa Choir will again give a performance of "The Messiah" in January; and the Hanley Glee and Madrigal Society will content itself with a selection of part-songs and miscellaneous work.

A concert arranged by Mr. Bywater was given in the Victoria Hall, Hanley, on November 7th, the following being the artists engaged: Mdle. Ella Russell, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. J. G. Robertson, Mr. Plunkett Greene, Madame de Pachmann, M. Tivadar Nachéz, and M. Ernest de Munk. Unfortunately the prices of admission were too high for the general public, and, as a consequence, only a handful of people attended; so few, in fact, that a disagreeable echo marred the rendering of every item. The programme was a most effective one, including Rubinstein's Trio for piano, violin,



and cello, Opus 52; Chopin's Spianato and Polonaise, Opus 22, for piano; and Sarasate's fantasia on airs from "Carmen" for violin; the latter wonderfully played by M. Nachéz.

The second of a series of popular concerts arranged by the Hanley Town Council took place on November 10th. The prices being reasonable, and the performance high-class, the Victoria Hall was packed in every part, fully 3000 persons being present, and many hundreds being unable to obtain admission. Madame Dotti, Madame Scalchi, Mr. Orlando Harley, Mdle. Isabelle Levallois, and Signor Tito Mattei sustained the programme, which consisted largely of favourite operatic airs.

The next popular concert is advertised for December 1st, at which M. Alex. Guilmant, organist of the Church of the Trinity, Paris, will give a recital, and Madame Hope Glenn and Mr. Musgrove Tufnail will sing.

Miss Mary Richardson, of Silverdale, and scholar of the Royal College of Music, announced her first concert for the 27th ult., too late for notice in this issue.

THE new operas which have been produced during this season at Paris seem to have met with but slight success. M. Godard's "Danse," brought out at the Opera Comique, has been severely handled by the critics, who describe it as containing many imitations of Auber, Gounod, and Verdi, and as giving evidence of want of care and want of artistic conscience. M. Messager's "La Basoche," the other novelty at the Opera Comique, would probably have obtained a greater amount of success if the story had been less absurd. At the Grand Opera the "Zaire" of M. Veronge de la Nux met with only a *succès d'estime*.

Better from Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, November 1890.

DEAREST ALICE,—So much has taken place since last I wrote to you, that I must confine myself to a very brief account of past events if I would tell you all. The Philharmonic Society has commenced its fifty-second season, and already three concerts have come and gone. Our G. O. C. (that, my dear, stands for grand old conductor) received quite an ovation on his first appearance after his sojourn in the Antipodes. He looks remarkably well, and seems just as vigorous and energetic as ever. We did not get a glimpse of Lady Hallé until the second concert, when she delighted us with her exquisite rendering of Beethoven's Grand Concerto in D, and with a lovely Adagio by Spohr. Needless to say, the welcome which greeted her was no less hearty than that accorded to her distinguished husband. Miss Macintyre was the vocalist at the same concert, and confirmed the golden opinions she had won on former occasions. The *pièce de résistance* of the evening was Raff's Grand Symphony "Winter," which was then given for the first time. Handel's oratorio "Theodora" constituted the programme for the third concert, the principal vocal parts being undertaken by Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Madame Hope Glenn, Mr. Iver M'Kay, and Mr. Bantock Pierpoint. But although the performance left nothing to be desired, I confess it had a decidedly soporific effect upon me, and I had nearly reached the land of dreams when the last note resounded through the hall. Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Carl Fuchs (violinist) are announced to appear at the next concert. The Patti concert on 31st October was a great success. The "Queen of Song" was supported by Mdle. Douilly, Miss Eleanor Rees, the Misses Eissler, and Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Durward Lely, and Barrington Foote. A most enthusiastic audience filled the hall, and encores were repeatedly asked for. Of course the familiar strains of "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Last Rose of Summer" fell from the lips of the famous songstress in response to repeated calls, *cela va sans dire*. Another event which called forth considerable interest in musical circles was the recital of Mr. Paderewski, which took place in the Philharmonic Hall on the 4th inst. This clever pianist had made his first bow to a Liverpool audience but three weeks previously, when he played at the first Philharmonic concert, and we were all glad of this early opportunity to hear him a second time before venturing upon a criticism. His technique is marvellous. There are no difficulties he cannot surmount with the greatest ease, but to my mind his playing lacks genuine feeling; there is plenty light and shade, but the contrasts are too violent. This exaggeration seems to be the fault of the age, a fault specially noticeable in young pianists. From a crashing fortissimo to the softest pianissimo is a change that requires gradation. Yet some musicians seem to think that to play with expression they must produce an effect upon their audience similar to that caused by a galvanic battery. However, I must not stop to moralise when so much still remains to be said. Mr. W. T. Argent has given two of his series of "orchestral lecture concerts." They were attended by a large number of students who, book and pencil in hand, jotted down extracts from his interesting little set of lectures. I hear that Mr. F. H. Cowen has undertaken to set to music the memorial verses which two Liverpool journalists have composed for the unveiling of the marble bust of Carl Rosa in the Court Theatre. It has been arranged that this ceremony shall take place during the approaching Opera season, so that the members of the company may take part in it. Mr. Best, our well-known local organist, who sailed for Australia in the early spring in order to open the new organ at Sydney, has decided to make a tour through the

United States before returning home. He is anxious to see and try some of the principal American organs. His reception at the Antipodes has been most flattering, and his organ performances have drawn large audiences. With regard to coming events, our musical horizon is quite obscured by their shadows, so fast and furious are they falling. First and foremost is the Sarasate Concert at the Philharmonic Hall this afternoon. It is just a year since this great violinist visited our city, and we are all delighted at the thought of seeing him again. He is spending this evening and to-morrow with Florrie and Henry, so I shall have a nice little chat with him, and get to know some interesting tit-bits relative to his American experience, all of which shall be retailed to you in my next letter. On the 18th inst. Sir Charles Hallé is giving a grand orchestral concert in the Philharmonic Hall, at which Lady Hallé and Miss Liza Lehmann are to appear. You will remember that I announced this event in one of my summer letters, when I told you that if it were a success others would follow. This now remains to be proved, and I sincerely trust that next Tuesday's concert may only be the commencement of a series of similar treats. M. E. Schiever's first classical chamber concert takes place in the Art Club Gallery on the 22nd inst., when Mr. Steudner Welsing will be the pianist. The dates fixed for the succeeding concerts are December 13th, January 17th, and February 14th. Large placards affixed to the exterior of the Philharmonic Hall proclaim the fact that Mr. Sims Reeves will make his absolutely final appearance on the 28th inst. Poor man, how tired he must be of saying farewell! He will be supported by Madame Tavy, Madame Amy Sherwin, Miss Ada Tomlinson, Mr. Douglas Powell, Mr. Percy Sharman (violinist), and Mdle. Janotha (pianist), Mr. Arthur Fagge acting as conductor. Madame Alwina Valleria places a tempting bill of fare before us for the 2nd December. Besides the fair concert-giver, the following artists will appear—Miss Louisa Bourne, Mr. Braxton Smith, Signor Foli, Madame Annette Essipoff (pianist), Mr. Johannes Wolff (violinist), and Mr. Julius Klengel (violinist); conductor, Mr. Sieveking. After reading this list I am sure you will agree with me that Liverpoolians cannot complain of a lack of music. Our chief difficulty is to make a selection from this *embarras de richesses*, for it is perfectly impossible for us to hear and see everything. As it is, we seem to be always rushing somewhere. I am even finishing this letter with my hat and cloak on ready to start in a few minutes for Sarasate's concert. Good-bye, dear child, may you and yours spend a very happy Christmas. Write soon and tell me all about your Christmas tree, and what presents you received, etc. You know how eagerly little scraps of news from your cosy country home are sought for by your loving sister,

NETTA.

Nocturne.

*Soft plaintive notes
Fall on the air,
Like birds in spring
'Mid woodlands fair.*

*Or whisper'd vows
Of truest love,
Told 'neath the stars,
Which shine above.*

*A sad farewell
Comes like a sigh,
The quivering strings
Whisper "good-bye."*

*And in my eyes
Are unshed tears
For loved ones lost
In bygone years.*

*Then softly dies
The music sweet,
But still my heart
Its tones repeat.*

E. M. COLLINS.

Music in Frankfurt-am-Main.

AS one of the critics here has said—the curtain has been rung up and the first note been struck, for the commencement of the musical season, by the first Museum Concert.

These concerts are given here every alternate Friday, the other week being devoted to chamber music. They are also specially interesting this winter, it has been remarked, as being the last series which will be conducted by Herr Müller, who has identified himself for so many years in connection with these performances. This sounds by the way rather an ambiguous compliment.

The programme of the first included Beethoven's Symphony, No. 8, and Weber's Overture to Euryanthe. The soloists were Frau Teresa Carreno from Berlin, and Herr Perron from Leipzig. Frau Carreno played Grieg's effective Concerto in A minor, and Perron sang an aria of Gluck, and songs by Schumann, Rubinstein, and Franz.

Now at these concerts I must tell you I have two neighbours who are both very entertaining in their way, and give vent to their opinions in the most liberal manner, both being emphatically minded, although not always agreeing on the point in question, *i.e.* the performance. One is an old man in a rusty fur overcoat, who is very much afraid of draughts, and also of being late; he generally bustles in twenty minutes before the time, arranges himself in great haste, and fidgets in the most woeful manner until the performance commences.

The first thing he did was to intimate that he was a pupil of Liszt, whom he still talks of from old habit probably, as "the master." "Haven't you heard the story about this," he said, as Frau Carreno commenced to play the Weber-Liszt Polacca. "When Liszt had finished playing it at a concert where he had been playing, one ardent admirer was heard to exclaim with a delighted sigh, 'Ah! that in itself was worth sixpence.'" This being the sum paid for the seat. "Diese Triller war aber grossartig" (That trill was wonderful), says the old gentleman, as the pianist introduced a beautifully executed trill in the piece.

The novelty at the chamber concert on the 17th was a Quartet by Brahms in E flat, Herr Wallenstein playing the pianoforte part. This was preceded by a Quartet of Haydn's, and followed by Beethoven's Quartet in F major.

The second Museum Concert on the 24th was a brilliant success through the performance of Herr Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, who played Mendelssohn's violin concerto, Ernst's Othello Fantasia, and, as an encore, part of a violin sonata of Bach's. Such grace, finish, tone, and technique it would be difficult to surpass; the Othello Fantasia is more technically astonishing than musically interesting. The concerto was, as the old man remarked—*wunderschön*. The other soloist was Frau Hieber, who sang "Ah! perfidia" of Beethoven, and songs by Wagner, Schumann, and Sitt.

My other neighbour is a middle-aged lady, who is generally encumbered with two pairs of spectacles, opera-glasses, and the scores of symphony and concerto; she looks upon the old gentleman and his views as demented. "I shouldn't have thought that could be Wagner's with so much melody," said the lady in spectacles, referring to the Cradle song of Wagner's which Frau Hieber was singing.

"So you think Wagner couldn't write as much melody as any one if he chose? queried the old gentleman; but the owner of the opera-glasses did not feel inclined for an argument on that point. The Symphony was No. 2 of Brahms in D major, which was written ten years ago, and founded indisputably the German master's fame as an orchestral

writer. The programme was concluded by Cherubini's Overture to "Anacreon." I must also tell you something of the Opera House here. There have been two stars lately visiting it—Marcella Sembrich and Pauline Lucca. Sembrich sang in "Vie Nachtwandlerin" and Meyerbeer's "Dinorah;" in the Shadow dance of this her singing and acting were charming. Lucca, who is much older, of course, but who is still a great favourite in Germany, sang in the "Black Domino" and the "Afrikanerin."

The Opera House here is built after the model of the Paris one; the stage arrangements, scenery, etc., are all very complete, the singers are also very good, but of that I hope to tell you more, and also to give you the benefit of the further remarks of my interesting neighbours.

The concert has now taken place which is always looked forward to with a great deal of interest, viz. that in which Frau Clara Schumann makes her appearance as soloist. This, the third of the series of Museum Concerts, was given on November 7th. The programme was also rendered specially interesting by the performance of a new Symphony—as yet in MS.—by Dvorák, under the baton of the composer.

The event of Frau Schumann's yearly appearance at these concerts always creates much sensation amongst her numerous admirers in Frankfurt. My middle-aged neighbour, Frau Gläser, arrived in a state of great excitement, with the score of Chopin's F minor Concerto. She is a great devotee of the strictly classical style, and says no one can play the classics like Frau Schumann, and after that she ceases to perform in public the world will no longer hear the true interpretation of the works of the three B's (Beethoven, Bach, and Brahms). This, of course, is a slightly exaggerated view of the case.

When the artiste had been recalled four times, after her graceful and finished rendering of Chopin's second pianoforte Concerto, Frau Gläser confided rapturously to the public within twenty yards of her seat that she had never heard the work more beautifully and wonderfully played, even by the Frau Doctor herself in any of her frequent performances of the same. The other soloist of the evening was the well-known German vocalist, Eugen Gura, who sang five numbers from Löwe's "Bildern des Orients;" also Schubert's "Die Sterne," "Greisen Gesang," and "Prometheus."

The orchestra, directed by Dvorák, brought out all the original individuality and character of this his fourth Symphony, which is in G major. My other neighbour, Herr Pappelbaum (you see I have got the length of knowing their names now), is a very small man, but his enthusiasm was great on this occasion. The symphony shows the master in all the brilliancy of his power, and it is to be hoped, for the sake of English audiences, that they may soon have an opportunity of enjoying a performance of this his latest work. Dvorák also directed his Concert Overture, "Husitska," which again showed his wonderful orchestration.

The concert was commenced with Mendelssohn's Overture, "A calm Sea and a prosperous Voyage." Amongst the pianoforte recitals which have taken place here during the past month, chief in interest was that given by Mdlle. Clotilde Kleeberg, whose varied programme included works by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, and smaller pieces by Brahms, Bizet, Kirchner, Godard, and a charming valse by Schütt, which she repeated in response to the wishes of an appreciative audience. The pieces chosen could not have been rendered in a more daintily artistic style.

The novelty at the Opera House this month was a work by Lux, a composer from Mainz. This opera is called "Die Fürstin von Athen," and has been very favourably received. It contains some exceedingly pretty numbers, although the libretto by no means helps the composer. The work is of no great length, and is followed by Mendelssohn's "Loreley." It seems wonderful that whereas some operatic librettos are done to death, and have perhaps three or four musical versions, such a traditional theme as the "Loreley" should only have received one, and that an unfinished setting.

VANDYKE BROWN.

Foreign Notes.

THE house in which Beethoven was born has lately been opened to the public. It contains a fine collection of interesting pictures, busts, MSS., etc., as well as the last pianoforte owned by Beethoven, and his string instruments, etc. There is to be a concert at Bonn on the anniversary of his birth (the 17th of December).

THE musical library of Adolphe Adam, says *Le Ménestrel*, has been acquired by the Minister of Public Instruction, who has given it to the Paris Conservatoire. This library is composed of 116 volumes, and thirty-seven more have been offered to the Paris Opéra. About two years before her death, Madame Adam had given to the Conservatoire her husband's manuscripts. These, along with the 116 volumes at present given, are all bound in red, with the name Adolphe Adam in gold letters. Among the composers of the thirty-seven scores of which the Opéra becomes possessed are—Auber, Bellini, Boieldieu, Carafa, Cherubini, Gluck, Halévy, Hérold, Méhul, Meyerbeer, Mozart, Rossini, Spontini, and many others.

A LITTLE volume has lately been published in Milan, with the title of *Manuale del pianista*. It is compiled by Signor Leopoldo Mastrigli, and contains reflections and observations by Beethoven, Moscheles, Weber, Czerny, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Kalkbrenner, Clementi, Schumann, Liszt, Gottschalk, Fétis, Berlioz, Angeleri, Marmontel, Lussy, Hanslick, Eschmann-Dumar, Bazzini, etc. etc. It is intended rather to further the intellectual development of the young artist than to be of assistance in the way of technical exercises or instructions, and should certainly be an interesting book.

THE *Artaria* collection of Beethoven MSS. is said to be the largest in the world. It consists of ninety-six works, either entirely written out by Beethoven, or corrected and annotated by him. Herr A. Artaria (Vienna) has lately published a catalogue of these treasures, which are of very varied character, ranging from overtures and piano quartets to counterpoint exercises and studies.

THE Philharmonic Concerts in Berlin, under the direction of Dr. Von Bülow, began on the 13th October, when Madame Carreno played Saint-Saëns' fourth Concerto, in C minor. Her brilliant technique and beautiful tone excited warm admiration. At the second concert, on the 27th, Frau Lilli Lehmann reappeared in Berlin, after an absence of five years. Her voice is said to be finer, and her style much more perfect; indeed, she is said to rank now among the great artists. The soloist at the third concert, on the 10th November, was M. César Thomson, the Belgian violinist, who played Bruch's second Concerto. Among the symphonies performed have been the B major and F major of Beethoven, the D major of Mozart, and the B major of Schumann.

OTTO HEGNER has been playing in Berlin, and winning golden opinions. He appeared first on the 17th October, and surprised and delighted his audience, who had expected a wonderful child, and found the child a ripe artist, who can hold his own against most of the pianists of the day. His style is said to resemble that of Frläulein Kleeberg. On the 29th October he played the G major Concerto of Beethoven, without having previously rehearsed with the orchestra! Again, on the 2nd November, when he played Bach's in C minor, Sonata Op. 90 of Beethoven, etc. etc., he was praised in the most cordial terms.

AMONG the other successful Berlin concerts we notice those of Frau Amalie Joachim, Herr and Frau Halé, Herr Louis Breitner, and the Joachim Quartett.

THE 300th representation of "Faust" was recently given at the Imperial Opera House in Vienna.

AT the first Museums Konzert, the beginning of the winter season in Frankfurt, Madame Carreno was the pianist, playing the A minor Concerto of Liszt, the E major Polonaise of Weber-Liszt, etc.

NEXT year there is to be an International Electro-Technical Exhibition at Frankfurt, when telephonic "performances" of the Palmengarten Concerts, and of operas, will be given. Music from Homburg, Soden, Wiesbaden, etc., is to be heard by the same means. The visitors to this Exhibition may also put their coins into telephonic automatic machines and get "a tune," instead of sweets or cigarettes!

FRÄULEIN HERMINE SPIES is at present on a concert tour through Russia, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. Herren Dreyschock and Emil Götz have also undertaken an extensive concert tour.

RICHARD STRAUSS, the composer of "Don Juan" and "Todt und Verklärung," has just published a third Symphonic Poem, called "Macbeth," and said to be exceedingly characteristic.

BRAHMS has finished his new String Quintet, which is to be performed first in Vienna.

COUNT GEZA ZICHY, who is at the head of the Buda-Pesth Conservatorium, has been appointed Director of the Opera of that town, on the retirement of Von Beniczky. The Conservatorium will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in January.

A NEW tenor has been discovered in Hamburg, a young grocer, seventeen years of age, with a splendid voice and plenty of intelligence. His name is Klonenkees.

MADAME NEVADA is giving a series of representations in Holland and Scandinavia, under the direction of Ferdinand Strakosch. She is to appear in "Hamlet," "Mignon," "Lakmé," "The Barber of Seville," and "La Sonnambula," besides singing at concerts.

THE city of Paris offers a prize of 10,000 francs for a musical setting of some historical or legendary subject. The competition is open to French composers only, and the works are to be sent in before February.

MM. BAUER and CATULLE MENDES intend to give a performance of "Tristan und Isolde" at the end of this winter, in the Eden Theatre. The orchestra is to be led by Lamoureux, and the soloists are: Tristan, Herr Engel; Isolde, Madame Rose Caron; and Brangäne, Frau Furch-Madler. It is said that the success of the first performance, a private one, is to decide whether a public one shall be given.

THE extensive library of the late Georg Kastner, of Strasburg, which consists of over 10,000 volumes, has been left to the Paris Conservatorium.

Sainte Cécile is the title of a new musical journal just started at Rheims.

AT the wedding of Mlle. Jeannino Dumas, granddaughter of M. Alexandre Dumas, in the Church of Marly, the great contralto, Madame Albani, sang the "Ave Maria," with splendid effect.

A MONUMENT to Bizet is to be erected in Paris under the patronage of Ambrose Thomas, Gounod,

and Reyer. Subscriptions are requested for this purpose, and at the first meeting of the Committee it was settled that the memorial should take the form of a raised pedestal or plinth surmounted by a bust, and surrounded by allegorical figures. The execution of the work is to be entrusted to MM. Paul Dubois and Charles Garnier.

THE great violinist, Camillo Sivori, intends, it is said, to give concerts in Italy this season. Born in 1827, Sivori was one of those gifted children who appear now and then among us. At the age of six, he was accepted as a pupil by Paganini himself, and as a child of ten he gave concerts in Paris and in England. Then he went to Genoa, and there studied harmony for some time. About 1839, if not earlier, he reappeared on the concert platform, and since then has played all over Europe and America. His career as an artist thus extends over more than sixty years.

REMEYNI, who has been travelling in the south of Africa, is to go to America for six months, giving concerts in the United States and Canada.

VERDI, who is at present living at Agata, near Palermo, is said to be at work on a new composition. Whether we are to have "King Lear" or "Romeo and Juliet," however, seems to be a disputed question, as the various Italian papers give different stories. Let us hope we are to have both in course of time.

A CURIOUS incident is reported from Kiew, Russia. The artistes of the Opera there resolved to grant no more encores in the middle of any scene, and to refuse interruptions in the shape of bouquets even. This was all very well. But the audience was much offended when these resolutions were put into practice! Such conduct was considered neither respectful nor gracious, and in fact there was quite a disturbance over the matter. Whether the audience or the artistes eventually gained the day is not stated.

A NEW Philharmonic Society has been started in New York, under the name of the Metropolitan Orchestra. The new orchestra is composed of seventy-one members, and the conductor is M. Antoine Seidl.

THE production of Wagner's "Siegfried" in French, at Brussels, is retarded owing to the objection of M. Servais to conduct the work without the full orchestra indicated by the composer. It is possible that if he will not give way the performance will be directed by M. Barwolf or M. Leon Dubois.

A CURIOUS thing happened lately at the Stadt Theatre of Bremen. In a performance of "Tannhäuser," Miss Bettaque played the two parts of Elizabeth and Venus. Oddly enough, it was this same ready capacity to appear as a substitute which first brought the young lady prominently forward some eight years ago. She was then in the chorus of the Berlin Opera House, and during a performance of the "Freischütz" the representative of Aennchen was suddenly taken ill. Miss Bettaque offered to take the part on the spot, and did it with such success that from that evening her name became "a household word."

NEXT spring the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the celebrated Weimar Theatre will be observed by the performance of several operas of Gluck and Wagner, and the production of the posthumous work entitled "Gunlöd," by Peter Cornelius, at which the composer was at work when he died in 1874.

D'ALBERT, the great pianist, will conduct the Philharmonic Concerts at Dresden the coming

winter. He is at present at work composing his opera and also a sonata for piano and cello. Meran is his place of residence.

UNDER the auspices of the society of "Friends of Music," Vienna, a choir of 150 voices propose next summer to come to London and give three choral concerts for a charity. One of them will be conducted by Dr. Richter, and will be accompanied by his orchestra.

DIRECTOR OTTO DEVRIENT, of the Berlin Royal Playhouse, will produce in February next Goethe's "Faust," Parts I. and II., with the incidental music by Court Conductor Dr. Edward Lassen, of Weimar.

A PARODY on Wagner's "Lohengrin" has recently been brought out at Messina, the author of the libretto being Citerella and the joint composers Principe Ruffo and the Marchese Squillace.

THE complete manuscript of an Easter cantata by Scandello, dated 1595, has recently been discovered in the municipal archives of Naumburg.

Music in Portsmouth.

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THAT Portsmouth is now worthy of ranking among towns of the first musical importance can hardly be questioned by those possessing an adequate knowledge of its recent progress in matters musical.

Its first great impetus was received from its appointment as a centre for examination by the Royal College of Music, and its possessing a local scholarship in the College through the munificence of Alderman Whitcombe. Its second stimulus is the acquisition of one of the finest halls in the south of England, capable of seating 2000 persons, its ceiling reaching a height of 60 feet, with an organ built by Gray & Davison, of Euston Road, London. This instrument consists of five sections, namely, the great swell, choir, solo and pedal organ, with four manuals or key-boards beside the pedal, either of which can be used independently on the tubular pneumatic principle. It has 64 stops, the total number of pipes is 3259, and it occupies a frontage of 40 feet and a depth of 20 feet. A powerful gas-engine works the instrument. Some clever recitals have already been given by organist celebrities, among others, by Dr. Turpin, F.C.O., and on the 31st ult., at the invitation of the Mayor, by Auguste Wiegand, who played eight of his own compositions in a masterly style.

An absorbing topic this month has been the Patti Concert, held at the Town Hall on Monday eve, 17th inst. The famous cantatrice was ably assisted by Mlle. Douilly, Miss Eleanor Rees, Miss Marianne Eissler, Mr. Dürward Lely, Mr. Barrington Foote, and Mr. Wilhelm Ganz as conductor.

On the 27th ult., at the Portland Hall, Southsea, Sarasate gave a violin recital before an appreciative audience.

The winter season concerts on the Clarence Pier, under the direction of Mr. H. A. Storry, have already commenced. Among the vocalists have been Miss Ambler, Miss Agnes Larkcom, Mr. F. H. Horscroft, Mr. W. H. Brereton, with the addition alternately of the famed string bands of the R.M.A., under Mr. Winterbotham, and the R.M.L.I., under Mr. George Miller, whose rendering of Beethoven's Second Symphony merits commendation.

The South Parade Pier Company commenced their winter series on November 8th, with Miss Kate Johnstone (of Mr. Burgon's Opera Company), and Mr. Clifford Hunnyttun; tenor of Chichester Cathedral, as vocalists, with the Marine Artillery Band in the orchestra.

Accidentals.

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ACCORDING to the foreign papers, Madame Nordica has invested some of her recent American gains in the *beaux arts*. She has, it is said, purchased a gallery of paintings from a noble Florentine family who have fallen from their ancient splendour; and, according to the same authority, she has discovered in the collection two Raphaels and a Michael Angelo. Madame Nordica is, however, not by any means the first vocalist who has dabbled in the fine arts. The gallery of the famous baritone, M. Faure, was sold about twelve years ago for something like £30,000.

PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG has consented to preside at the 73rd anniversary festival of the German Society of Benevolence, to be held on February 24th next, at the Hôtel Métropole.

MR. W. T. BEST is not likely to return to England till the end of the year. Mr. Best went out last spring in order to open a new organ in Australia, but the instrument was not finished, and consequently he had to remain longer in the Antipodes than he anticipated. He has since undertaken a tour there, and now proposes to return *via* San Francisco, in order to play upon some of the larger instruments in the United States.

MR. CARRODUS was lately married, at Stamford, to Miss Ada Bright, daughter of the late Edward Bright, of Brighton. The bride is a sister of the talented young pianist, Miss Dora Bright.

It is reported in Edinburgh that Dr. A. C. Mackenzie will be a candidate for the now vacant Professorship of Music at Edinburgh University. It is, however, hardly likely that Dr. Mackenzie would be willing to reside in Scotland for several months in the year, even at a higher rate of pay than is now offered. The salary at Edinburgh is at present £420 a year, besides an allowance of £200 per annum for assistants. The salary of Principal of the Royal Academy is £500 a year, plus certain fees for conducting the orchestral rehearsals and concerts.

It is suggested that "English visitors may have an opportunity of showing their gratitude" for the Passion Play by restoring the organ at the Ammergau Village Church at a cost of £800. During the recent performances of the Passion Play the receipts amounted to not much less than £35,000, or nearly double the amount taken in 1880. If Meyer, who impersonated the Christus, received £50, the leader of the chorus and Caiphas £40 each, Peter and Paul £35 each, and so on down to the cock-crower, who took £2, the profits upon the season must, therefore, have been very large.

MISS DORA BRIGHT is having an extremely successful tour in Germany. The German papers speak in high terms respecting her executive ability, and in still higher concerning her ability as a composer.

THE last echo of the Gower-Nordica case has been settled, the opera singer accepting \$40,000 as a settlement in full of all the claims she had against her husband's estate. Gower is supposed to be still alive.

MR. LESLIE CROTTY, the most popular baritone in the Carl Rosa Opera Company, owes his position to what is generally termed "good fortune." He had, as a young man, no idea whatever of being a professional. But one day, after a Turkish bath, he was lying in the cooling room, and commenced to sing "The Heart Bowed Down," the song which is now so associated with his name. A priest lying near was greatly struck with the wonderful mellow

tone and richness of voice displayed by Mr. Crotty. The priest complimented him, and suggested that, with proper training, a great future awaited the possessor of so good a voice. Mr. Crotty took his counsel to heart, and the result must have been highly gratifying to his adviser.

THE seventh series of the Hampstead Popular Concerts of Chamber Music will be held at the Vestry Hall, Haverstock Hill, on Fridays, December 12th, January 23rd, and February 6th and 20th. The programmes are very attractive, and a large number of eminent artists have been engaged, including Herr Joachim, Mr. Gompertz, Herr Ludwig, Madame Mehlig, Madame Haas, Miss Fanny Davies, and Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.

AN hitherto unpublished concerto for bassoon, with string accompaniment, by Nicolo Paganini, alleged to be in the composer's own handwriting, has just been discovered at Stockholm.

CHRISTINE NILSSON's husband has been made Under-Secretary to the new Spanish Cabinet.

MR. SANTLEY has, we understand, been offered a sum of £200 per night for a series of twenty concerts in the United States and Canada next spring.

In his eighteenth year Weber was conductor of an orchestra at a Breslau theatre. This was about 1804. Life was more precocious in those days. Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, exercised a marked influence on society in her sixteenth year. Richelieu shone in the salons in his fifteenth. Mendelssohn at twelve was the delight of Goethe; and Beethoven at fifteen was an official court organist.

THOMAS GODDARD, father of the famous English lady pianist, Isabella Goddard, lately died at the advanced age of ninety-eight years.

MADAME ALBANI will, in February, visit Holland and Belgium, and in March will go to Russia for some operatic performances.

WITH the opening of the new season of Crystal Palace Concerts, Mr. August Manns entered upon his thirty-fifth year of conductorship of the now world-renowned orchestra. During that long period, at the Sydenham Palace alone, he has directed nearly ten thousand performances of various sorts, including classical and miscellaneous concerts by the daily orchestra, oratorios, operas, Handel and other festivals, and, at the outset of his career, even a military band. It is, however, at the Saturday Classical Concerts that his fame has chiefly been gained, and it is hardly possible to over-estimate the influence which for nearly two generations the Crystal Palace conductor and his orchestra have exercised upon the progress of symphonic music in this country.

MASTER MAX HAMBURG has been engaged to play at the Ballad Concerts this season.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO.—Quite a little commotion has been created throughout the city by the refusal of twenty High School boys to sing a song containing an invocation to the Holy Virgin to pray for them. It is the famous "Sicilian Boatman's Song," and is published for High School use, but because the music teacher (Miss Bloomer) is a Roman Catholic, the boys and some of their parents are inclined to consider it an attempt to inculcate Roman Catholic principles in the public schools.

THE trial of Gilbert v. D'Oyley Carte should have left no one in doubt why the Savoy partners quarrelled. It was stated that Mr. Gilbert had received,

as his share of the profits during eleven years, no less than £90,000, Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Carte having an equal amount. This could not go on. Human nature cannot stand such prosperity without arriving at the point where it is prepared to make a *casus belli* out of a carpet.

THE death of M. Prosper Sainton, at the ripe age of seventy-seven, removes a figure at one time one of the most familiar in the musical world. Born at Toulouse in 1813, M. Sainton quickly developed musical ability, and after successful tours as a violinist he settled in this country in 1846. From this year until 1882 he was the trusted leader of Sir Michael Costa's orchestra, that is to say, until 1882, when the Sacred Harmonic Society was dissolved, and the celebrated Costa orchestra ceased to exist. Sainton was also an excellent quartet leader, and appeared frequently in that capacity during the early years of the Musical Union and the Monday Popular Concerts. As a soloist he was a brilliant performer, and possessed the merits without the defects of the French school of violin playing. In 1883 he formally retired from the platform, but to the last he continued to labour as a teacher, and was remarkably successful in that branch of his profession. In 1860 Sainton married Miss Dolby, the celebrated contralto, who died in 1885.

AT the meeting of the Musical Association on Tuesday evening, Nov. 12, Mr. T. L. Southgate exhibited some ancient Egyptian flutes, about three thousand years old, brought to this country by Mr. Finders Petrie. It is said that they solve the question of the Egyptian scale.

MR. ALEXANDER JOHN ELLIS, who died on 5th November, was one of the most eminent theoretical writers on music, and particularly upon tonality and acoustics. He was the author of *The History of Musical Pitch*, giving the musical scales of various nations, published in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* between 1881 and 1885, and for which the Society awarded him its silver medal. He also translated Helmholtz's *Sensations of Tone*, and was the author of the "Conditions, Extent, and Realisation of a Perfect Musical Scale on Instruments with Fixed Tones."

MR. SANTLEY is expected at Suez shortly, but it is unlikely that he will come on direct to England, as, after his long concert tour in Australia, he proposes to take a short holiday in the Holy Land. His tour in Canada and the United States, which will commence early in the spring, has already been settled, so that very few opportunities will probably occur of hearing the eminent baritone in his own country during the present winter.

MR. C. LEE WILLIAMS, of Gloucester, is writing a Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis for choir and orchestra, which will be performed at St. Paul's Cathedral on St. Paul's Day.

A NEW book of great interest to pianoforte players is Miss Bettina Walker's *My Musical Experiences*, a book obviously formed on the model of Miss Amy Fay's *Music Study in Germany*. Miss Walker passed through the Deppe method, extolled by her predecessor, and, finding it insufficient to her needs, betook herself to Henselt, whom she extols with even more warmth of devotion than that felt by Miss Fay for the other master. The excellently written account of the excesses to which the *cultus* of the Liszt-worshippers ran is very amusing, and is evidently told in all good faith. Some personal reminiscences of other musicians give the young lady's production a distinct value; the sayings of Sterndale Bennett, recorded by her, are of the highest interest, though she is inclined to under-rate that composer's estimation of some of his contemporaries, such as Schumann and Chopin.

Edinburgh Notes.

THE Edinburgh Musical Season of 1890-91 promises to be of exceptional interest and activity. During November the concerts have been very numerous, and most of them of a decidedly superior order. Nothing seems to pay better than attractive ballad concerts, where the patrons never fail to get ample quantity—the quality may not always be above suspicion—for their money. This year a start was made with Patti, who was supported by the same company as last year. It is curious to hear some people who affect to pooh-pooh what they call the Patti craze, and who are full of dismal forebodings as to the success of such high-priced concerts. "The game is played out," they say; "concert-goers can hear first-rate talent almost anywhere for a shilling, and they will never pay five to hear Patti nowadays." But all the same Patti proved beyond all question that she is still possessed of that charm which can even wheedle the "bawbees" out of our canny countrymen. Following this came an exceedingly enjoyable concert, again of the mixed sort, at which Madame Sterling, Miss Ella Russell, Madame Pachmann, T. Nachéz, Robertson (tenor), and Plunkett Greene appeared.

From first to last the concert was full of genuine pleasure, the only regret being that the hall was not crowded as it certainly ought to have been. T. Nachéz, the Hungarian violinist, who made his *début* here last season, was very cordially received. His solos were played in unexceptionable style, but he nearly spoiled an excellent impression by giving as an encore an interminably long and dreary Bach exercise, which was not made more lively by being unaccompanied. Mr. Plunkett Greene met with a cordial reception. He is gifted with a fine bass voice of great range and power, and his method is at once unaffected and artistic. Needless to say, Madame Sterling's contributions were distinguished by that irresistible charm of voice and style which have long since won the admiration of Edinburgh concert-goers.

Up to date, we have had no fewer than three pianoforte recitals—two by Paderewski and one by Miss Fanny Davies. The Polish pianist was first in the field, and at both recitals there was an excellent attendance, including many amateur and professional musicians. Paderewski is unquestionably a superb player; his technique is simply marvellous, and at times almost compels one to rise from the seat to make sure that, like the old-fashioned conjurer, he has "nothing up his sleeve." Now and again it would seem as though this illimitable ambidexterity had a tendency to run away with him, and this may in some degree account for his readings of certain pianoforte classics being somewhat different from those to which other great pianists have accustomed us; but however this may be, Paderewski must be ranked among the greatest living executants.

Miss Fanny Davies is an old Edinburgh favourite, but so far as my recollection goes she has not hitherto appeared here on the recital platform. Her appearances have chiefly been made in company with Signor Piatti and Herr Joachim, and she has never failed to reap a large share of the honours won at the Philosophical Institution concerts. It was therefore all the more disappointing to find a very meagre audience assembled in the Music Hall to welcome this accomplished artist; but notwithstanding the depressing surroundings, she went through a thoroughly representative programme in a manner that disarmed criticism, and afforded further confirmation of the general opinion that Miss Davies has no superior among English pianists.

Thanks to the untiring energy and managerial ability of Mr. J. C. Dibdin, the hon. secy., the Edinburgh Quartette, which was formed last year, lost no time in making a start this season. The first concert, which took place early last month, was wholly successful. The audience was numerous and appreciative, and the performance of the quartette was of such a nature that their succeeding concerts will be looked forward to with genuine pleasure by all lovers of this the most delightful form of chamber music.

Miss Markinski, whose beautiful alto voice is too seldom heard in public nowadays, appeared as vocalist and gave an admirable rendering of Cherubini's "Ave Maria," and Cowen's "The Reaper and the Flowers." The Edinburgh quartette concerts may now be regarded as an established institution, and its members have the hearty good wishes of numerous friends for their success.

Notwithstanding his fifty years of professional life, Mr. Sims Reeves' name still continues to exercise a potent charm over a large class of people, some, probably moved by pleasing recollections of auld lang syne, while others may have felt "out of it," when compelled to admit that they had not heard the famous tenor, and determined to avail themselves of the first opportunity. However this may be, the Music Hall was packed in every corner, and every inch of standing room taken up, when he gave his "farewell" concert a few Saturdays ago. Considering his three-score years and ten, the veteran tenor piped his little song in a passable way, but both voice and method are mere shadows of bygone days, and the feeling aroused by the old gentleman's efforts, especially to those who remember the Sims Reeves of twenty-five or thirty years ago, was not altogether unmingled with sorrow. Let it be "farewell" this time. Mr. Reeves was supported by a strong company—strong rather in numbers than in artistic excellence. There were, however, several brilliant exceptions. Miss Amy Sherwin sang in a very acceptable way, and Mdlle. Janotha's pianoforte solos were in themselves worth getting oneself drenched to hear (the floodgates of heaven seemed to have opened that afternoon). Mr. Percy Sharman is a clever young violinist, and it was really difficult to find any flaw in his rendering of three well-known pieces. One need not be a prophet to say that Mr. Sharman has a future before him. Madame Tavary, Miss Ada Tomlinson, and Mr. Douglas Powell were the other vocalists. As usual, Messrs. Paterson's management, considering the crowded state of the hall, was simply perfect.

The name of Messrs. Paterson & Son reminds me that within a few weeks their series of Orchestral Concerts will have begun. This firm have done what all the wiseacres in Edinburgh musical affairs failed to do—arranged and carried out for two years orchestral concerts of the first order, and have succeeded in making them not only pay, but actually leave a balance on the right side. This year the concerts will, if possible, be more attractive than ever, and it is very satisfactory to hear that the subscription list has been taken up in a way that leaves little to fear regarding the financial success of the undertaking.

I have just time to mention here that Senor Sarasate and Miss Bertha Marx appeared in the Music Hall on Monday, the 17th ult., before a crowded and enthusiastic audience. To not a few music enthusiasts the visit of Senor Sarasate is the event of the year, and his concert is talked about weeks before and weeks after it takes place. But then there is only one Sarasate! And Miss Bertha Marx, too; what can be said of her that is not in the form of lavish praise? The concert was, as it deserved to be, an unequivocal and complete triumph.

Mrs. Alfred Barker, who has won a considerable reputation in the South, gave three dramatic and musical recitals in Queen Street Hall last month. Since Miss Detchon set the fashion two or three years ago, entertainments of this kind have been a prominent feature of the musical season, among the aspirants to fame in this direction being several Edinburgh ladies, who have made public appearances from time to time with more or less success—generally less. Mrs. Barker is a very clever reciter, and was exceedingly happy in her rendering of several pieces descriptive of juvenile quaintness and precocity. Her imitation, too, of the bobolink, with which Miss Detchon has made us familiar, was intensely realistic; while her ventriloquial accomplishments also found vent in a remarkably clever imitation of the sighing or moaning of the wind. Like so many of our present-day reciters, Mrs. Barker was scarcely equal to the demands made upon her in pieces of a more exacting character, her elocution at times lacking dramatic significance, and becoming somewhat monotonous. Mrs. Barker was supported by Mr. Robert Newman, vocalist, and Mr. Arthur L'Estrange, whose playing of two solos and some incidental music left a good deal to be desired.

Music in Leicester.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

THE musical public were intensely disappointed here when it was announced at the Floral Hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 5th, that Madame Adelina Patti was unable to fulfill her engagement and sing that night in consequence of a cold and inflamed throat. Mr. Henry Nicholson, who acted as local manager on behalf of Messrs. Harrison, deserves the highest praise for the excellence and admirable arrangements of the hall and concert. Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, the eminent pianist and conductor of the concert party, expressed himself highly pleased with the acoustic properties of the vast hall. Had Madame Patti appeared, the concert would have proved an overwhelming success, as every seat in the hall was booked days before the event; but it was, from a musical point of view, highly successful, the artistes were cordially received, almost every item on the programme was encored, good feeling existed, and a most enjoyable evening was passed. The vocalists appearing were—Mdlle. Douilly, Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr. Durward Lely, and Mr. Barrington Foote. The instrumentalists—Miss Marianne Eissler, solo violin; Miss Clara Eissler, solo harp; and Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, solo piano, who also acted as accompanist and conductor.

MESSRS. HENRY NICHOLSON and T. B. LAXTON's third grand popular concert took place at the Floral Hall on November 19th. Every seat in the house was occupied, and in the popular parts standing-room only was obtainable. Lieutenant Dan Godfrey and the famous band of Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards (by kind permission of Colonel Trotter), numbering thirty-seven of the most eminent military instrumentalists in England, were engaged. The programme included overture to "Tannhäuser"; grand selection from "Lohengrin"; overture, "Di Ballo" (Sullivan); "Allegro Moderato" for Schubert's unfinished Symphony; selection, "Gondoliers"; ballet selection from "Sylvia," etc. The concert was accepted by an enthusiastic audience with every demonstration of undisguised delight.

CAPTAIN J. A. WINSTANLEY has generously given the use of the Royal Opera House, orchestra, attendants, dresses, etc., free of charge for the three nights December 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, and Mr. John Gregory, the genial manager, has volunteered to superintend the whole arrangement in conjunction with Mr. Alderman Thomas Wright and the Entertainment Committee, to raise aid for the funds of the Infirmary and Children's Hospital. It is proposed that on the night of the 22nd the Leicester Amateur Music and Dramatic Club, under the stage management of Mr. Frank G. Pierpoint, will give a rendering of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "Trial by Jury." December 23rd will be devoted to amateur theatricals, and the 24th to vocal and instrumental music.

A GRAND concert was given at the Village Hall by the Quorn String Band, assisted by Miss Lizzie Spencer, Mr. Tom Firr, Mr. G. White, Mr. F. H. Spencer, and Mr. W. H. Fewkes. The proceeds of the concert were for the benefit of the poor. The entertainment was very successful.

THE Leicester Philharmonic Musical Society announce the production of "The Creation" for January 8th, and Gounod's "Faust" on February 10th, with Madame Fanny Moody, Miss Grace Damian, Miss Maude Harding, Mr. Charles Manners, and Mr. Andrew Black. Mr. J. Herbert Marshall, musical director.

THE works in rehearsal by the Leicester Orchestral Union, Mr. Thos. H. Fosbrooke, the honorary secre-

tary, informs me, are Schumann's Symphony (Spring), No. 1, B flat major, Op. 38; Weber's overture to "Euryanthe." These are to be produced at two concerts held, one on January 31st and the second early in April.

THE Leicester Amateur and Dramatic Club have in active and continuous rehearsal Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "The Pirates of Penzance." It will be produced early next month, but the date is not yet fixed.

THE Hinckley and District Musical Society are progressing favourably, gaining support from all classes. Mr. W. R. Baxter, the honorary secretary, informs me that the financial condition of the Society is all that can be desired, the oratorio in active rehearsal, Handel's "Samson," drawing good attendance on practice nights, Mr. H. W. Galpin, the newly-appointed organist of the Parish Church, acting as hon. conductor.

THE Amateur Vocal Society announce a concert for December 19th, and will produce "St. Cecilia's Day" (Dr. Parry), madrigals, part-songs, etc.

THE Railway Guards' Friendly Society gave a concert at the Temperance Hall on November 27th, under the patronage of the Mayor, Alderman W. Kempson, Esq., and the Right Hon. Marquis of Granby, M.P. Mr. Henry Nicholson acted as musical director. The following assisted: Miss Annie Lea, soprano; Miss Mary Dakin, R.A.M., mezzo-soprano; Miss Emilie Lloyd, contralto; Mr. John Probert, tenor; Mr. Rowland Hill, bass; Mr. W. H. Barrow, Mus. Bac. F.C.O., solo pianoforte; Mr. Alfred Nicholson, accompanist; Mr. Henry Nicholson, solo flute; and the Leicester Police Band (by the kind permission of Mr. J. Duns, chief constable).

Newcastle-upon-Tyne Notes.

—:o:—

ON Wednesday evening, the 5th of November, Mr. J. H. Beers commenced his second series of Chamber Music Concerts in the New Assembly Rooms, before a very large audience, when the following programme was most excellently rendered:—

PART I.

Quartet for Strings, Op. 17, No. 3, . . . *Rubinstein.*
Allegro Moderato. . . *Allegro.*
Adagio. . . *Allegro Assai.*
Songs, (a) { "Minnelied," } . . . *Brahms.*
(b) { "Sonntag," }
Violin Solo, { Adagio from Violin Duet, } *Lauterbach.*
by Spohr, Op. 39, No. 1, }

PART II.

Piano Solos, (a) { "Romanze," } . . . *Schumann.*
(b) { "Étude," } . . . *Raff.*
Songs, (a) { "What does Little Birdie Say," } *Mackenzie*
(b) { "The Maiden & the Butterfly," } *Chadwick.*
Quartet for Strings, Op. 76, No. 4, . . . *Haydn.*
Allegro con Spirito. . . *Allegro.*
Minuetto. . . *Finale Allegro.*

The artistes were—Messrs. J. H. Beers and A. Abram (violins), J. H. Hill (viola), Mr. S. H. Beers (violinello). Miss Eleanor Burnett was the vocalist, and Miss Etta Newborne presided at the piano. The principal number on the programme was Rubinstein's Quartet, each movement being most interesting. In the Adagio there is some charming work for the first violin, but the Allegro and Allegro assai were, we think, the most enjoyable. The whole work (as was also Haydn's Quartet) was most effectively and almost perfectly played, the instruments were faultlessly in tune, and great attention was paid to expression. Miss Eleanor Burnett sang her songs with refined taste, her singing of Brahms' songs being, perhaps, the best.

Mr. J. H. Beers in his violin solo was delightful, and was recalled, giving as an encore a Mazurka, "Souvenir de Posen," by Wieniawski, which he played very well indeed.

The piano solos were well selected, and we have never heard Miss Newborne play better. She gave Liszt's transcription of Schumann's "Liebeslied" in response to a very hearty encore.

Taking into consideration that all the artistes are local musicians, Newcastle has every reason to be, and is, proud of them. A more evenly balanced quartet one could not wish to have, it being almost impossible to individualise, each gentleman in his own particular line being more than ordinarily good. It was a most enjoyable concert, and was thoroughly appreciated by a very attentive audience. These musical gatherings are a great success,—it does one good to see well-known lovers of good music beat up at these concerts regularly; and we look forward to the next one, which is announced for 3rd December, when the programme will include a new quartet by F. Ries. Mr. Fred Mace will be the vocalist. Mr. Beers is to be congratulated upon his success, which he thoroughly deserved.

On Friday evening, 14th November, in the New Assembly Rooms, M. Paderewski, the eminent pianist, gave a recital, the following being the programme:—

1. Sonata Appassionata, . . . *Beethoven.*
2. (a) Improvptu in B flat, . . . *Schubert.*
(b) Serenade ("Hark the Lark"), }
(c) Erl King, . . . } *Schubert-Liszt.*
3. Carnival, . . . *Schumann.*
4. (a) Ballad, A flat major, . . . }
(b) Nocturne, E flat major, } *Chopin.*
(c) Valse, . . . }
(d) Polonaise, A flat, . . . }
5. (a) Canzonette (Op. 16), . . . } *Paderewski.*
(b) Minuet, . . . }
(c) Hungarian Rhapsody (No. 12), } *Liszt.*

M. Paderewski came here with a great reputation, and that great things were expected from him was proved by the immense audience that assembled to hear him. Nor were their expectations disappointed, judging by the ovations he received at the conclusion of each item. Seldom has there been a more enthusiastic audience in Newcastle. M. Paderewski is not only a virtuoso, but an artist gifted with the highest musical talent, judging by his own compositions, which were excellent. It would be difficult to say which was his best performance, as he played the works of all these composers like a thorough master, and with an individuality which was as strong as it was interesting and refreshing; perhaps, however, we may choose Chopin's Polonaise, his own Minuet, and Liszt's Rhapsody as being the most popular, for in addition to the great applause, he was greeted with cries of Bravo! and at the conclusion of the Rhapsody was cheered heartily by the delighted audience.

Should M. Paderewski decide to come to Newcastle again—as undoubtedly he will—we can assure him as hearty and as unanimous a welcome as he received this time.

Messrs. Hirschmann & Co. are to be congratulated upon the success which has attended their efforts. It is mainly through them that we are privileged to listen to most of the great living musicians, and it is gratifying to know they are being rewarded for their enterprise.

The Newcastle Amateur Vocal Society, in conjunction with the Northumberland Orchestral Society, will give their first concert this season on Monday, 15th December, when Gaul's new work, "The Ten Virgins," will be the principal vocal item.

F. T.

INVITATIONS have already been issued to the singers who are expected to appear at the Bayreuth performances next year, the names and operas having been selected officially in Munich recently at a conference in which Councillor Gross, Conductors Levi and Mottl and Regisseur Fuchs, together with Cosima Wagner, participated. As heretofore announced, "Parsifal," "Tannhäuser," and "Tristan und Isolde" are the works selected for next year.

Patents.

—:o:—

THIS list is specially compiled for the *Magazine of Music* by Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.

- 16,357. Improvements in clarionets. Wm. Lloyd Wise, 46 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. October 14th.
- 16,358. Improvements in wind musical instruments. Wm. Lloyd Wise, 46 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. October 14th.
- 16,431. Apparatus for controlling the supply of wind to organs and other instruments. Edward Hadlow Suggate, 250 Marylebone Road, London. October 16th.
- 17,026. Improvements in the actions of upright pianofortes. Thomas Legg, 55 Chancery Lane, London. October 24th.
- 17,416. Improvements in mouthpiece protectors for wind instruments. Hermann Bernert, 38 Alexander Strasse, Berlin. October 31st.
- 17,436. Improvements in means and appliances for tuning stringed musical instruments. Charles Hallam, 37 Chancery Lane, London. October 31st.
- 17,499. Improved piano-tuning pin. John Pitt Bayly, 18 Fulham Place, Paddington, London. (James Thorpe, United States.) November 1st.
- 17,551. Improvements in valve and wind boxes for organs. Charles Huelser, Temple Chambers, London. November 1st.
- 17,563. Improvements in upright pianos and similar musical instruments. Wm. Bennett Rule, 53 Chancery Lane, London. November 1st.
- 17,746. Improvements relating to musical wind instruments. Samuel Jones, New Bridge Street, Manchester. November 4th.
- 17,775. The combination transparent music mender and binder. Frank Dymond Smith, trading as Turner & Goodman, 5 Lanark Villas, Maida Vale, London. November 6th.
- 17,875. Improvements in musical instruments. Edward John Vavasone Earle, 24 Southampton Buildings, London. (Otto Thien, Germany.) November 6th.
- 18,015. Improvements in accordions. John Cincinnati Kingston, 37 Chancery Lane, London. November 8th.

SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

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|---|---|
| 20,431. Borrow, banjos, 1889, . . . | 8 |
| 2,554. Wilkins, music, etc., stands, 1890, . . . | 6 |
| 14,170. Boulton (Vanzandt), drums, banjos, etc., 1890, . . . | 6 |
| 14,545. Steck, pianos, 1890, . . . | 6 |
| 18,458. Ainsworth, couplers for keyboard musical instruments, 1890, . . . | 8 |
| 18,492. Jones, binding sheets of music, 1889, . . . | 8 |
| 18,693. Foxley, leaf holder for books, music, etc., 1889, . . . | 6 |

The above specifications published may be had of Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., at the prices quoted.

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J. B. CRAMER & CO.'S NEW SONGS.

BY NORMANDIE'S BLUE HILLS. New song by the Composer of "In Old Madrid."
"By Normand's blue hills, in years ago,
There laughed and played a little maid,
With winsome face and dainty grace,
As sweet as ever sunlight shone upon."
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

BY NORMANDIE'S BLUE HILLS. Words by the Author,
Music by the Composer, of "In Old Madrid."
Now ready, published in F, G, and B flat.

EDITH COOKE'S NEW SONG.

SWEET LAVENDER. Dedicated to Mr. Edward Terry,
and played nightly at Terry's Theatre.
Now ready, published in D flat, E flat, and F.
"Ah! Lavender, sweet Lavender, though years and years go by,
Grows old the new and false the true, our love may never die."
JOHN MUIR.

SWEET LAVENDER. New song by the Composer of
"Why Must We Say Good-bye?" "I Dream'd a Dream,"
etc.

SOLDIER JIM. New song by the Composer of the enor-
mously successful "Longshoreman." Always uproariously
encored wherever sung.
Now ready, in G for baritone, in F for bass.

SOLDIER JIM. The successor to "The Longshoreman."
"For a soldier's life's a life of glory,
Praised in song and famed in story;
Still in song and story shall the tale be told.
Come, my lads, and if you're willing,
You shall have, besides the shilling,
All the life and glory of a soldier bold."
PHILIP DAVSON.

THE COQUETTE. COTSFORD DICK's new song. Just
published.

Refrain.

"There is love so sweet for an hour,
There is love so dear for a day,
But never 'adieu' sings love that is true,
To the heart he steals away."

Com. bass (in C), B to E. Also published in E's.

ANGEL FACES. By F. E. WEATHERLY and ERNEST
BIRCH. Composed expressly for and sung by Miss Hope
Glenn.

ANGEL FACES. ERNEST BIRCH's grand song. Sung with
immense success at all her engagements by Miss Hope
Glenn; also by Madame Adeline Vandrey, Miss Alice Suter,
etc.

Now ready, in D flat, E flat, and F.

HARK! HARK! THE DOGS DO BARK. New song. The
words by R. S. HICHENS, the music by J. L. ROECKEL.
Published in F and A.

Last Verse.

"Taughter, shouting, and weeping you hear,
The music of life as they draw near.
All of us living, beggars are we,
Nearing the town of Eternity.
Tramping along on the road of Life,
Meeting with sorrow, joy, and strife,
Asking an alms as old Time looks down,
Hark! the beggars are coming to town!"

ODOARDO BARRI'S NEW SONG.

BEYOND THE SEA. Sung by Miss Fanny Moody, with
immense success nightly, at the concerts of the Carl Rosa
Opera Company.

Published in D, E flat, and F.

"Tho' far and lone from these to-night,
My dear, my own country,
The thought of home will still unite
Fond hearts beyond the sea."

BEYOND THE SEA. By the Composer of the world-renowned
songs, "Saved from the Storm," "The Shadow of the
Cross," etc.

STELLA MIA and FOND HEARTS WALTZES. By
ALBERT. These immensely successful waltzes will
again be amongst the favourites at the forthcoming balls this
winter.

CAROLINE LOWTHIAN'S NEW VALSE.

LULLABY.—Another success by the Composer of "Myo-
sotis," "Bitter Sweet," "The Reign of the Roses," etc.
Easy to play and delightful to dance to; should be on every
ball programme.

LULLABY WALTZ. Now ready. For Pianoforte; for
Septett Band; for Full Orchestra; for Brass Band, and
for Military Band; of all musicsellers.

JOTTEN WALTZ. By LEONARD GAUTIER. Enormously
successful; played by every Military and String Band
throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

ADELAIDE WALTZ. By ENOS ANDREW. Beautifully
illustrated, with a likeness of Miss Adelaide Detchon. No
Programme is complete upon which does not appear the name
of one or more of this popular Composer's charming waltzes.

ISOREL WALTZ. By ENOS ANDREW. Melodious and
effective, with the true waltz swing, which makes dancing
a pleasure.

PHYLLIS POLKA. By ENOS ANDREW. Illustrated with a
charming likeness of Miss Phyllis Broughton, taken from a
photograph.

MARIE STUART SCHOTTISCHKE. by MAX FRÜHLING, with
its world-wide popularity, is still the most charming High-
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The Pictorial Pianoforte Tutor Supplement.



The correct Position of the Performer.

A graceful, unaffected, and natural position at the piano will greatly aid the effect produced by the intelligent performance of a good piece of music. This drawing shows the position necessary for a good and correct performance. You should take your seat before the middle *C* of the keyboard, and at such a distance from the piano that you can conveniently reach the farthest keys of the instrument, and can also cross the hands and move them with entire freedom in both directions. The Music stool should be firm and secure, and so high that the elbows may be a little above the level of the keyboard. The movements of the arms should be graceful and easy without constraint.

Rule.

Practice slowly and softly in the first instance, for the quicker you practice the more mistakes you will make, the more bad habits you will acquire, and the slower you will be in getting on. Do not play with your whole body nor with the elbows, but with the tips of the fingers.

Specimen page from "The Pictorial Pianoforte Tutor."

Bad Positions and Habits to be avoided.

These four little pictures are drawn by an artist whose sketches often appear in Punch. They caricature and show the bad habits of many performers, which you must avoid.



You should not lean your whole weight on the keyboard. The trick of bending forward the body and spreading out the arms so that each elbow protrudes like the apex of a triangle is very ugly and objectionable.



All movements of the face, biting the lips, keeping time with the tongue, holding back the breath, frowning, shaking the head, or any tendency towards grimacing should be carefully avoided.



Neither should you throw the head back and raise the eyebrows, or sway the body backwards and forwards, or from side to side. This player thinks more of himself than he does of the music he is playing.

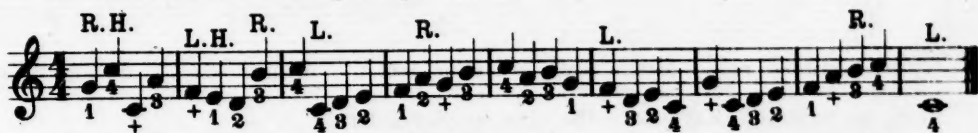


You should also avoid the habit of shrugging the shoulders, or sitting at the instrument in a careless round-shouldered attitude, on a seat that is too high for you, or is so far away from the piano that you cannot reach the keyboard without bending forward.

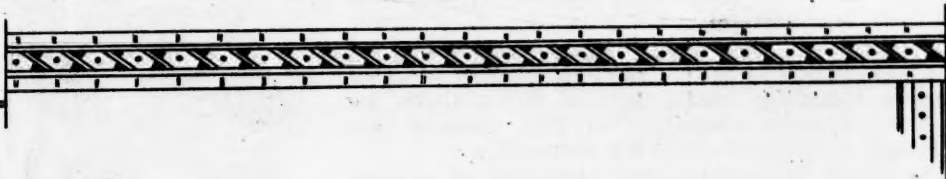
Count four in a bar.



Andante. *Walks quickly.*



In the picture Time walks along gaily. *Andante* means walking. This time, however, is subject to many variations. *Andante Expressivo*, "a little slower." *Andante Con Moto*, "a little quicker." *Andante Sostenuito*, "sustained", and a little slower therefore, and so on with several more varieties.



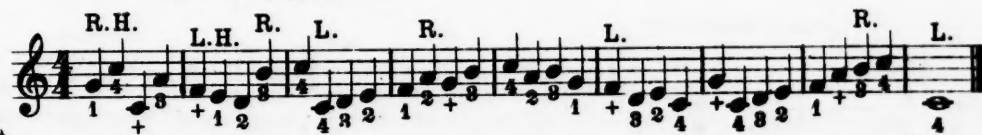
Allegro. *Runs very easily.*



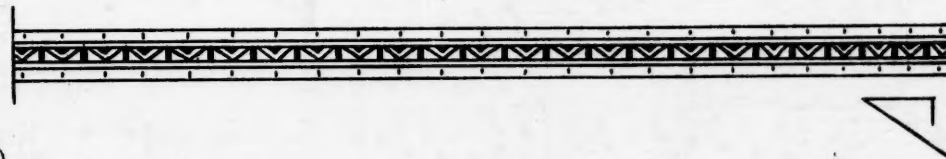
In the picture Time is represented as running. This time is also subject to a great many variations.—There is the *Allegro Vivace*, "quicker, livelier." *Allegro Giusto*, "right quick." *Allegro Impetuoso*, "more impetuously" *Allegro Agitato*, "quick, agitated."



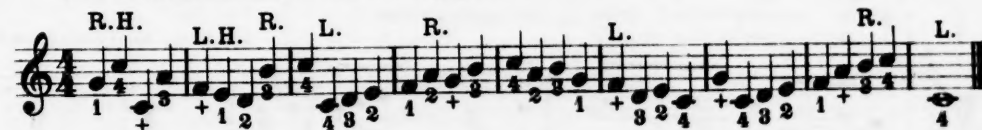
Presto. *Runs fast.*



In the picture Time is represented as running fast. *Presto* means "very fast and rapidly", with a light airy touch and few accents, but these stormy, sharp and short.



Prestissimo. *Runs very fast.*



In the picture Time flies on with utmost speed, almost like an electric current. The accents must be like short sharp shocks, few and far between. This pace is difficult to acquire.

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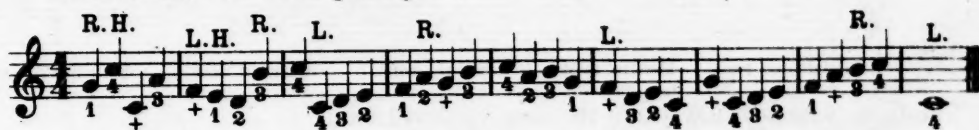
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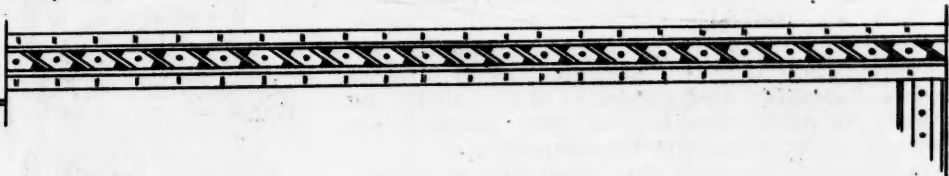
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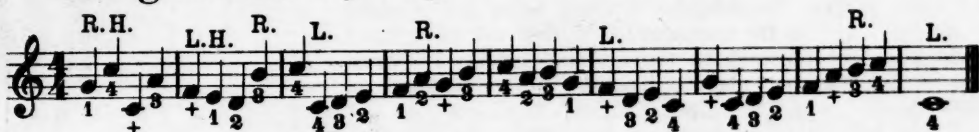
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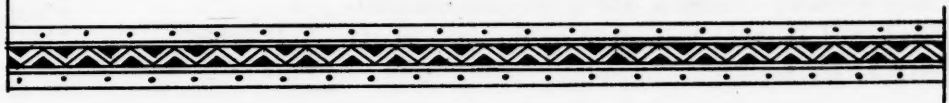
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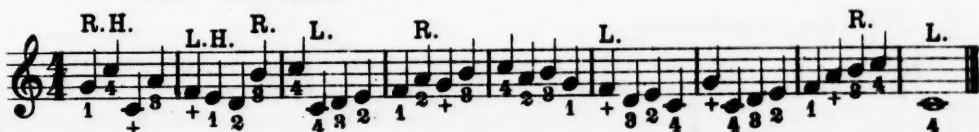
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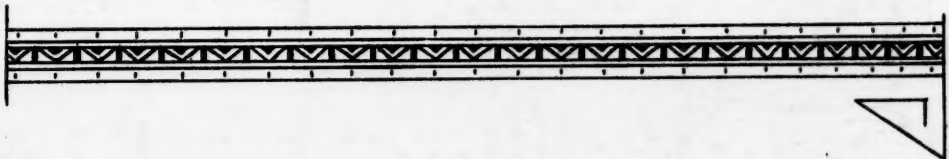
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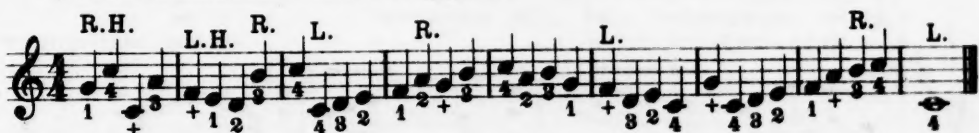
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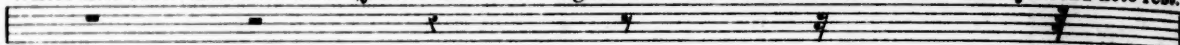
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RESTS and THEIR PROPORTIONATE VALUE WITH ILLUSTRATIVE TUNES.

Whole note rest. Half note rest. Quarter note rest. Eighth note rest. Sixteenth note rest. Thirtysecond note rest.



Semibreve rest. Minim rest. Crotchet rest. Quaver rest. Semiquaver rest. Demisemiquaver rest.

Rests, as you have learnt, are the signs employed for silence. The use of rests dates from the invention of measured music, that is, music composed of notes of definite and proportioned values. Franchinus Gafurius, in his *Practica Musicae* (1496) says that the rests was invented to give a necessary relief to the voice, and sweetness to the melody; for as an orator finds it necessary often-times to relieve his auditors by the recital of some pleasantry, thereby to make them more favorable and attentive, so a singer, intermixing certain pauses with his notes engages the attention of his hearers to the remaining parts of his song. In modern Pianoforte music, rests, as shown above, are introduced, and their effect is often very beautiful, and adds greatly to the interest of the composition.

The picture illustrates a story about the use of rests. In orchestral bands the drummer is more often silent than any other player, the drummers' music being full of signs of silence. A Theatre manager, who did not understand music, got very angry with the drummer at the rehearsal because he was not playing like the other members of the band.

Here is a little song for you to learn about the Drummer and the Theatre manager. The song has four beats in each bar, and a quarter note goes to each beat. When there is a quarter note rest (≡) you must keep silent for one beat, when there is a half note rest (≡≡) you must keep silent for two beats, and when there is a whole note rest (≡≡≡) you must keep silent for the whole of the four beats of the bar.



The Drummer and the Theatre Manager.

Theatre Manager. "Come Sir, why do you sit idle, I'll have people in my theatre who do not earn the wages."

Drummer. "But Sir, I'm resting."

Theatre Manager. "Resting!" I tell you I'll have no resting. Play up directly, or leave my service.

I AM RESTING, SIR.

Four beats to a bar.

HILDA WALLER

Allegro moderato.

1. We'll sing a-bout a drummer, Who was si-lent for a bar, When
rest-ing said the drummer, Man-y bars of rests I've found, Un-
up at once you drummer, Rests, I'll have no rest-ing here, Play

Ending of 1st & 2nd verses. Ending of 3rd verse.

1. said the angry man-a-ger What a laz-y manyou are.
2. til my music tells me I must not make a sound.
3. up like the o-ther fellows, or my

2. I'm
3. Play band you'll leave I fear.

rall.

DOTTED NOTES and DOTTED RESTS.





Semibreve.	Minim.	Crotchet.	Quaver.	Semiquaver.	Demisemiquaver.
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Whole note. Half note. Quarter note. Eighth note. Sixteenth note. Thirtysecond note.

Semibreve Rest. Minim Rest. Crotchet Rest. Quaver Rest. Semiquaver Rest. Demisemiquaver Rest.

BALLAD OF SEA MUSIC WITH DOTTED NOTES.

A dot (•) placed after a note or Rest means that its length is to be increased by one half.

A dotted Half note () contains three Quarter notes (.

A dotted Quarter note () contains three Eighth notes (.

A dotted Eight note () **contains three Sixteenth notes** (.

In the same manner a dot placed after a Rest means that its length is to be increased by one half.

THIS IS A VERY FUNNY THING.

Four beats to a bar.

HILDA WALLER.

Moderato.

This is a ver - y fun - ny thing, These dotted notes on waves that swing.

What can their meaning

be,— Explain it please to me? These dotted notes, you must not laugh, They always count one and a half. This rule you must re -

mem-ber From Janu'ry to De-cem-ber, This rule you must re-mem-ber, From Janu'ry to De-cember. *a tempo*

Specimen page from "*The Pictorial Pianoforte Tutor*."

6 THE FAIRY ECHO. IN TRIPLE TIME.

This exercise also shows how a phrase may be repeated in a different octave. It must be softer at each higher repetition as in the last exercise. There must be smoothness and evenness in the playing and the hands must be held in proper position.

HILDA WALLER.



The Scale and Key of E Major (F#, C#, G#, D#).

7

In similar Motion. In contrary Motion. Broken Chords. Chords.

Study in E major.

Adieu by Schubert. Common time, 4 crotchets in a bar. When you first practise count in quavers 1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4 to each bar. When you understand the rhythm of the composition you may count 4 crotchets to a bar instead of 8 quavers. *Andantino con moto e molto*. *Andantino* was explained in the last study as meaning quicker than *Andante con moto*, means with agitation or with movement, and so we get not exactly quickness but a pressing forward feeling; *e molto* or *espressione* means with great expression. You must make the melody sing. That is done by pressing the keys rather than striking them, and binding every tone to the next, never lifting the hand during a sentence. This piece is a good illustration of musical phrasing, you may consider the 1st 9 notes of the melody as a sentence or line of the poetry. Then you have rests, where if you were singing it with your voice, you would take breath; then another sentence of 6 notes; rests again, and so on to the end. You can easily see how the sentences or phrases are divided because of the rests that divide them.

The accompaniment in the left hand should throughout this piece be soft, the expression marks only apply to the melody in the right hand. You see the melody begins softly, but with an accent on the second note because it is the first beat in the bar, for you know the 1st beat of the bar usually has the strongest accent.

Then there is a *crescendo* to the next bar. To get this *crescendo* you must press the notes harder, don't make the mistake of lifting the hand, for that would give quite the wrong expression but press the notes harder. The *crescendo*

should be only to the 1st note of the 3rd bar and the semi-quavers should be played softly as they are in effect only little grace notes—not grace notes in the sense of *appoggiatura*, but graceful notes. In the second phrase or sentence, there is a *crescendo* to the *B* and a full emphasis on that note. The next 2 notes should be softer and the minor *G* in the fifth bar should not be so strong as the emphasised *B* in the 4th bar. We may imagine that *B* as being the note to the most important word in the sentence and therefore you give it the most accent. The 3rd sentence (marked *mf*) is very agitated. There must be still more pressure of the fingers, especially on the 4th note which we mark with 2 accents thus :: . Mind these accents only apply to the *top* note, for it is a song you are playing and if you were singing it, it would be your voice that gave the expression and not so much the accompaniment; so where you have 2 notes for the right hand to play together, the under note must be softer than the upper note. After that note marked :: the feeling gradually through that and the next phrase becomes quieter. When you come to the semi-quavers in the 4th sentence bar 8, remember what we said about those in the first sentence bar 3. At the end of the 4th phrase you have sung half the poem, one verse out of the two. If you have carefully followed our remarks about this 1st verse, you will be able to play the second without help as it has the same expression as the first. One other point you should notice, and that is the minims at the beginning of most of the groups of quavers in the bass. The minim is to be held down through each group as it has the value of 4 quavers.

KEY: E MAJOR. (4#)

Adieu.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Andantino con moto e molto espress.

SCALE OF E MAJOR ON KEYBOARD.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

PICTORIAL PIANOFORTE TUTOR.

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

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A Matrimonial Christmas Box.

JOHN PEPPERCORN, of the firm of
Peppercorn, Treacle, & Honeywax.
HARRY, son of Treacle.
KATE, daughter of John.
SARAH.

*A Parlour at Peppercorn's. Doors R. L. and C.
John and Kate discovered.*

John. There, there, Katy, be a good girl. Of course I would not force you into a marriage with one you would not like; but you have not seen Harry yet, it doesn't do to be prejudiced against a fellow one knows nothing about.

Kate. One knows nothing about? Is he not the son of your partner Treacle, of the firm of Peppercorn, Treacle, & Honeywax, as you repeat with proud emphasis on every opportunity?

John. What of that? he may be a perfect Adonis. I have never seen him; he was sent to be educated abroad when he was quite a boy; he has just returned, and it has been the dream of our lives to associate our children by the bonds of matrimony, just as we are by the bonds of . . .

Kate. Grocery! Thank you. I don't want your Adonis, and the very name of Treacle sickens me. Gone abroad to see the world and complete his studies, has he? How well up he must be in condiments, grocery, doctor's drugs, patent medicines, provisions, and other sundries.

John. Where would your fine dresses come from if it were not for our stores? Don't scorn them, and remember that in marrying Harry he will inherit the whole business, and all our fortune will be yours, as neither Treacle nor I have any other children.

Kate. And the idea, too, of sending him on a Christmas Eve, like a Christmas box! He will likely come with a plum-pudding under his arm!

John. You take everything the wrong way. I consider it a delicate attention and a pleasant surprise.

Kate. Maybe you see it in that light, but my mind is made up, I shall not marry a man I have never seen, no matter what you say. The very fact of his being forced upon me makes me hate him rather than love him. I am sure he must be very plain looking, not to say vulgar; red hair, and a perfect fright, with nothing to say for himself, and his mouth stuffed full of colonial goods, in fact a regular Christmas goose!

John (vexed). At all events, Miss, I hope you will condescend, for your father's sake, not to throw him overboard without seeing what he is like, and you will oblige me, if it be only out of regard for my partner, by going and making yourself smart enough to receive him.

Kate. Oh! that I will, I am going to dress now. *(Aside)* I'll give him a starter! He won't want to see ME again.

John. Go, and put on your best dress, like a good girl. *(Exit R.)*

Regular rebellion; no regard for a father's feelings. Some people say children are what we make them by the education we give them. Now, I have brought this one up like a little princess, I may rightly say I have preserved her in my affection, and a pretty pickle she turns out. That's my reward. But when she

sees him it will be all right, I am sure of it. . . . Ah! a strange voice! a footstep! it must be him. . . . *(Goes up and opens C. door).* It is him. . . . *(Harry appears)* Mr. Harry Treacle?

Harry, entering. The same.

John, shaking hands with him. Let me welcome you to my home!

Harry. Honoured, I am sure.

Harry has a black moustache, fair beard, and red hair; he is badly dressed, is lame, and stammers.

Harry (aside). It smells shop here. I hope I shall make a wrong impression.

John (aside, disappointed). O Lord! what an ugly fellow . . . and a cripple, too. *(Aloud)* But I say, my dear friend, you were not lame when you left town?

Harry. No, but I have met with an ac . . . with an ac . . . an ac . . .

John. What nac?

Harry. An ac . . . cident . . . in my tra . . . my tratra . . .

John. Your tratra?

Harry. Tra . . . a . . . vels.

John (aside). Oh dear! oh dear! . . . he stammers. This will never do; what will Kate think? . . . but, after all, these sort of fellows often turn out to be the best husbands. . . . I must try to persuade her! *(Aloud)* I am going to fetch my daughter. *(Exit R.)*

Harry (no longer lame and stammering). I hope I shall be rejected. I would not refuse poor dad to pay his partner a visit; but as to marriage, it's another thing. I did not like to oppose his wishes after all his kindness to me, but he can't blame me if the refusal comes from the other side, and I shall take good care to secure that. I am sure she must be a ridiculous stuck-up, narrow-minded little doll, with a flavour of garlic and anchovies.

Enter JOHN.

John. She is coming. My dear friend, compose yourself; don't be nervous; try to conquer your stammering and be brilliant.

Harry. I'll tra-tra . . .

John. No, pray, no more tratra.

Harry. I mean I'll try.

Enter KATE with garments borrowed from several dresses of all colours, hair untidy, a perfect guy, with a stupid look.

Harry (aside). Oh dear! what a sight! Just what I thought.

Kate (with a clumsy curtsy). 'Morning, sir.

John, rushing at her. What have you done, you stupid girl? What's the meaning of that disguise?

Kate. You told me to put on my best dress. I have so many pretty ones that I thought it wise to give a specimen of each. *(To Harry, she speaks as if she had an impediment in the mouth)* Where's your Christmas pudding?

Harry. My pupu . . . it's boiling.

John (aside). So am I.

Harry. It's full of condi-C-C-condi. C-C-C-Kate. Condi's fluid?

Harry. No. C-condi . . . ment.

John. Oh! is that what he meant? . . . *(To Harry)* Tell her what you have seen on your travels, my boy.

Harry (aside). I am now going to speak the language of her heart. Father won't say I have not attempted to please her. *(Aloud)* I went to China to see the tea . . . and to India.

Kate, imitating him. To see the tea, too. *(Aside)* What a blockhead!

Harry (aside). What a little donkey! Tea is not her line; perhaps I shall have a better chance with the sugar. *(Aloud)* In Jamaica I saw the blackies making sugar. . . . *(Kate remains unmoved, with stupid look.)* *(Aside)* No . . . sugar doesn't melt her; let's try macaroni. . . . *(Aloud)* The Italian pastes. . . . *(Looks at*

her aside) Not that either. I'll chance the preserves. *(Aloud)* I also went to see the Australian bullocks from whom they extract the . . .

John (pleased). Why, he's seen all the curiosities in the world! And what about the trade abroad?

Harry. Molasses are fanciful, plums are firm and steady, indigo . . . a little fluc-fluctuating. As to the potash . . . oh! the potash is a little more serious; bacon is jolly.

John (charmed). *(Aside)* What a capital fellow; he knows everything. That's the son-in-law for me. *(Going to Kate)* Did you remark he did not stammer . . . it was nervousness at first.

Kate. Yes, . . . and a perfect Adonis.

Harry (aside). Oh! she is too stupid. . . . I must discourage them.

John to Harry. Bravo! you don't stammer now.

Harry (aside). Oh, I forgot that! *(Aloud)* I had brought a lot of samples in my trunk, but unfortunately I've lost my pa . . . my pa . . . and my ma . . . ma . . .

Kate. You've lost your papa and your mama . . . Poor fellow!

Harry. No, my pa . . . adlock and my master-key which opens all my trunks.

Kate (aside). I can't bear it any more. *(Aloud)* Oh, p'pa, I've left the milk on the fire; I smell it burning. *(Rushes away R.)*

Harry (aside). I hope he is going to turn me out politely. Declined with thanks.

John (taking and shaking his hand heartily). Harry, you are the son-in-law of my dreams. It will not be my fault if you don't marry her. I think you've made an impression.

Harry (aside). A bad one, I hope. I must devise something else, some strong impediment. . . . Oh, happy thought! *(Aloud)* You are very kind indeed . . . but if I am allowed to confess it . . . you know, a young man's freak . . . I met with a girl . . . and I so forgot myself . . . that we are actually engaged . . . entangled. I'm very sorry, but I would not disappoint her, you know, because she is a poor girl.

John. Engaged! Send her to me, my boy; I'll rescue you . . . Young man's freak; nothing serious.

Harry (aside). I did not think of that . . . Oh! why not? Yes, I have it. *(Aloud)* You will see her, Mr. Peppercorn . . . for she has followed me here—follows me everywhere. She is waiting for me at the door. I'll be back in a minute. *(Aside)* The first poor girl I meet will do the job. *(Exit hurriedly, C.)*

John (rubbing his hands with satisfaction). I'll buy him off; I can't afford to lose him. . . . He will be a fortune to us; we'll keep him travelling. . . .

Enter KATE, with a becoming dress and hair tidy. She laughs heartily.

Kate. He is gone! I hope it is for ever. . . . What a stupid owl! I trust I played my part well to frighten him away. Good riddance, eh, father?

John, drily and very displeased. Kate, I am not at all pleased with you. You did your best to spoil all. That fellow improves on acquaintance. You remarked how his stammering disappeared.

Kate. But he is lame.

John. Only when he walks. . . . *(Aside)* Steps on the stairs; it must be the girl. . . . *(To Kate)* Go to your room, my child. I expect a visitor just now, and . . .

Kate. Not another Adonis, I hope.

John. No, no. *(Aside)* She must not suspect this part of the business. I must see her to her room. *(Aloud)* Come along. *(Leads her out. Exit R.)*

Enter HARRY and SARAH, a poor girl, but decently dressed.

Harry. You understand me. You'll have five pounds if you break off my marriage with a girl in this house. I'll send you the father. Do and say whatever you like, as long as you convince the old fellow. . . . Here he is; I must not show myself. (*Exit hurriedly C.*)

Enter JOHN.

John (*aside*). Here is the little puss. We'll see how fast she sticks.

Sarah. Excuse me, sir; I hope I am not intruding (*pretending to cry*). I hear that you are going to give your daughter to a young man who I am engaged to . . .

John. Calm yourself, my child. (*Aside*) I can see by her appearance that she can be bought off cheap. (*Aloud*) How much do you want to break with him?

Sarah (*aside, leaving off crying*). I had not thought of that. . . . After all, the young chap is nothing to me if I can make a bargain here. I should be very stupid to hesitate. I'll tell him I could not succeed, that's all.

John (*aside*). She's settling it with herself. (*Aloud*) How much, eh?

Sarah (*with a bashful air*). Oh, sir, . . . you are very good, but really I don't know . . .

John. Name your price, my girl! Will fifty pounds satisfy you?

Sarah (*aside*). Fifty pounds! (*Aloud*) I'll go and ask papa if you will allow me.

John (*joyfully*). Go by all means, but do not be long. I'll get the money ready.

Sarah. All right, sir. (*Exit C. John goes out L.*)

Enter KATE, R.

Kate. The visitor was a girl. (*Goes to door C., and looks.*) Oh, that fellow again! (*Rushes to table, takes table-cover, wraps herself up in it, and resumes her clumsiness.*)

Harry. I saw her go. I hope it's all right; I'll see first what the Peppercorn says. (*Perceiving Kate*) Oh, the guy!

Kate. And now, sir, now that my father is not here, pray tell me, do you really want to marry me?

Harry. To marry you? Not if I can help it.

Kate (*with joy*). Really . . . how happy you make me. I can't bear you, you know.

Harry. Nor I you. . . . It's your father who wants it; not I. I am not so stupid as to make such a blunder.

Kate. Fancy me marrying an ugly, lame, and stammering wretch like you!

Harry. And my binding my life to a stupid little monkey like you!

Kate. With his mouth full of colonial goods.

Harry. With her mouth full of nothing at all. (*They burst out laughing.*)

Kate. Go on, I like your politeness.

Harry. True, we are carried away by our feelings, but only let us remember that we don't want to marry each other.

Kate. It is perfectly understood.

Harry. Therefore you will be thankful when I tell you that, in order to break off this match, I bribed a girl to come and tell your father that I was engaged to her.

Kate. Capital.

Harry. Let us thwart your father at any price, and swear we shall never marry each other.

Kate, lifting up hand; he does the same. I swear it.

Together. We swear, we swear, we swear.

Harry. As we now agree perfectly, I do not see the necessity for keeping up our disguise and dissimulation any longer. (*Throws off his beard and wig and looks young and nice; takes off his overcoat and shows very well dressed; is no longer lame, and leaves off stammering.*)

Kate (*throwing off table-cover*). Quite right.

(*Resumes her usual manners and natural voice, laughing heartily*) How different you look . . .

Harry. And you, too; where's your stiffness gone, eh? (*Walking about.*)

Kate. No longer lame and stammering, eh? (*Look at each other, and burst out laughing.*)

Harry. No, Harry is himself again. . . . (*She picks up beard and puts it on.*)

Kate (*with cheerfulness and winning manners during this scene*). How funny you looked with this on!

Harry. She is quite charming now. . . . But tell me, why did you dislike me before you knew me?

Kate. Why, I hated you because I hate business and everything belonging to it, and tea in the back shop is the worst thing of all.

Harry. Just my sentiments! . . . I have never set foot in my father's stores. . . .

Kate. And your studies abroad?

Harry. Nonsense! I occupied my time quite differently; MY tastes are quite artistic and refined.

Kate. So are mine, . . . and that reminds me that I must be off at once to St. James's Hall, or it will be too late. . . .

Harry. To St. Ja . . . what do you mean?

Kate (*taking Harry's hat, putting it on her own head, then making a courteous bow*). Sir, you forget we hate one another; you have nothing more to do in this house, the match being broken off by mutual consent, and so I wish you joy, and withdraw. (*Hands him his hat.*)

Harry. Yes, I understand; but what did you say about St. James's Hall.

Kate. I must go at once and secure seats for the great Trikelli's recital to-night!

Harry. What do you know about him?

Kate. What do I know; why, all his compositions by heart to begin with, and his triumphs abroad. (*Taking papers on table*) Look at this . . . a whole column . . . oh! but it's in French . . . this one, oh! German . . . that other one, Italian . . . I am so sorry.

Harry. Oh! those languages are familiar to me . . . and to you?

Kate. Of course, I understand them all! I don't quite drop my h's like p'pa. (*They laugh.*)

Harry. Well, allow me to save you the journey, as I know for a fact there are no seats left.

Kate. No seats left . . . oh! I could cry! I'm so disappointed! . . . and I was dying to hear him. I am quite in love with him.

Harry. In love. . . .

Kate. It's only my way of speaking — his works I mean, of course. If you only knew how he puts his soul into his works; how it makes my heart beat, how I understand him, . . . and no seats left!

Harry. I beg your pardon. . . . (*Taking a piece of paper out of his pocket*) Here are two stalls in the front row, will you accept them?

Kate (*looking at him with joy*). Oh! . . . how good . . . how kind of you!

Harry. But now I think of it, it's snowing fast, what if I were to bring the artist himself to play to you here on your own piano.

Kate. Ah! now you're laughing at me.

Harry. No; indeed I'm not.

Kate. You know very well a great artist like Trikelli would never come and play in a place like this, and for me. . . .

Harry. He will at my . . . or rather at your command.

Kate. Do you know him so intimately as that then?

Harry. I do; as the great artist, as you are pleased to call him, is no other than your humble servant. (*Bows.*)

Kate. You . . . (*restraining herself*). Another joke; it's too bad of you.

Harry (*handing her a visiting-card he takes from his pocket*). Is not this sufficient proof?

Kate (*reading card*). Trikelli! . . . (*Opening her arms as if to throw them round his neck*) You . . . (*blushing and controlling herself*). Oh! I beg your pardon . . . (*with great joy*). How happy I am. (*Reading card*) Mrs. Trikelli! . . . Oh! how nice, then I shall not be Mrs. Treacle after all . . . Oh! what am I saying, I forgot! The match is broken off!

Harry (*taking her in his arms*). No, and shall never be as long as I live. . . .

Kate. Hush! . . . some one coming . . . Oh! I'm so happy. (*Runs off R.*)

Harry. Darling, I say . . . don't go . . . (*Looking out R.*) Oh! it's a drawing-room, I can follow her there. (*Exit same door.*)

Enter SARAH, C.

Sarah. I asked Popsy; says she there's a chance for you; you should make the most of it. I will. Here goes. . . .

Enter JOHN, L.

John. Ah! there you are; I saw you come in . . . What does your father say?

Sarah. He says it's not enough, says he. It's cheap at a hundred. . . .

John. All right; you shall have it. . . . I shall be back in a minute. (*Exit L.*)

Sarah. No hesitation . . . a hundred! . . . I didn't ask enough; Popsy was right. Why! the double wouldn't hurt him, and I'll marry a gentleman.

John (*coming back with a bank note*). There you are. . . .

Sarah (*looking at it without taking it*). One hundred . . . You agreed to two just now.

John. Eh! . . .

Sarah. £100, it's like walking on one leg. Come on, let's have the other and look sharp; I'm not to be humbugged.

John. "Look sharp; be humbugged; what do you mean?"

Sarah. I mean to have the £200; now look alive; your fine gentleman is well worth that. (*Sits down quietly.*)

John. An imposition . . . (*Getting into a passion*) £200. . . . You won't have anything at all. Go away. I'd rather break off the match; she'll be here every day after to annoy me. You won't have a penny, do you hear? Marry him if you like; I don't want him, and go away. (*She looks at him amazed*) (*At the top of his voice, with frantic and threatening gesture*) Go away, I tell you; vanish, evaporate. (*She jumps, and rushes off frightened.*)

Sarah (*going out*). I shall wait for him down below.

John. Yes, do go down below, as deep as you can.

Re-enter HARRY and KATE.

John does not recognise Harry.

John. Who's that? (*Speaks with anger.*)

Kate. It's Harry, father.

John. Oh! is it; well let him hurry off, as I have changed my mind.

Kate. What do you mean; we quite understand each other now; we perfectly agree. Do you know he's a great artist?

Harry. It was only a little game to try each other.

John. I'm very sorry to hear it!

Kate. Sorry, why?

John. Because the match is broken off. I don't want him for a son-in-law; he may go. £200, no merchant, an artist, with a breach of promise hanging over him. (*To Kate*) Retire to your room, Miss; don't try me; I am not disposed to be trifled with any longer. . . .

Kate to Harry. Do not be afraid, he will soon be calm. . . . (*Exit R.*)

John (going to C. door). This is the way out, sir. (Opens the door.) (Aside) By jove, that woman again . . . so much the better; she'll take him away. (Aloud, sneeringly) Here's your intended, marry her. (Aside) I'm curious to hear what they have to say to each other. (Tends to go out L., but leaves the door ajar and listens.)

Enter SARAH.

Sarah. Excuse me, sir, but as the job is over, and you do not seem inclined to leave, I have come up for my fiver. (Holding out hand.)

Harry. Ah! yes, of course. . . .

Sarah. I've well earned it, sir; I worked well to break the match off.

Harry. I would give her double now to mend it. Ah! my poor girl, if you only knew what harm you have done.

Sarah. Well, you came to fetch me for the business; I didn't know you an hour ago; I worked honestly to earn the five pounds.

Harry. Yes, yes, of course, here it is. (Gives her note.) Now go, please.

John (who quietly came down behind them, and hands note to Sarah). Here's another ten, (pointing to door), and now be off. . . .

Sarah (with a curtsy). Thank you, gentlemen. (Exit C.) (Kate opens door R.)

John (shaking hands with Harry). I beg your pardon, my boy.

On hearing this Kate rushes in, Harry goes and takes her by the hand.

Harry. Mr. Peppercorn, I have the honour to ask you for your daughter's hand.

John (aside). I liked him better when he was lame and talked business. (Aloud) Bless you, my children. I should have preferred a merchant, but . . .

Kate. He is celebrated, p'pa . . . he's a great man.

John. A man of note! . . .

Harry. Of notes . . . a musician. . . .

John. Yes, yes, but the best notes will be his father's bank notes; they'll back him. Well—well—well, I hope you will always live in harmony. Never play false to her, sir. And in the midst of your success, never despise Peppercorn, Treacle, & Co., for without the merchants and the great B. P. where would the salary of the artist be.

Musicians in Council.

Dramatis Personæ.

DR. MORTON, . . .	Pianist.
MRS. MORTON, . . .	Violinist.
MISS SEATON, . . .	Soprano.
MISS COLLINS, . . .	Contralto.
MR. TREVOR, . . .	Tenor.
MR. BOYNE, . . .	Baritone.

DR. MORTON. Of course at the present time it was only to be expected that musical compositions should be written in honour of the most discussed person of the day—Stanley. One can understand the *raison d'être* for a Stanley March, but a "Stanley Waltz," such as I have here, by Mrs. Vaughan Johnson (Paterson & Sons, Edinburgh), seems decidedly inappropriate.

Miss Seaton. Yes, it would be difficult to imagine Stanley waltzing. Besides, he was always supposed to be a woman-hater until he married.

Dr. M. Well, it must be admitted that this waltz contains no melting, languishing strains.

It is distinguished by pompous chords, and a somewhat martial style. Another waltz of a more conventional type is the "Royal Duchess," by Robini (C. Woolhouse, London). A pretty little Intermezzo, called "Songe d'amour après le bal," is by Alphonse Czibulka (Chappell & Co., London). This begins with a soft waltz theme, the reminiscence of the ball-room, and changes into a dreamy Andante amoroso in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, which is interrupted again by the waltz phrase. Altogether an attractive drawing-room piece. I see it is scored for several combinations of instruments. A fairly well-written piece is a "Gigue" in E \flat , by J. Arscott (Marriott & Williams, London). Personally, I don't care for the gigue form. Even Bach himself has never been able to reconcile me to it. "Lurline," by Gustav Ernest (C. Woolhouse), belongs rather to the "show-piece" order. It is marked *molto allegro*; the melody, what there is of it, is given to the left hand, with an arpeggio accompaniment for the right. The *Organist's Quarterly Journal* for October 1890 (London Music Publishing Company) contains pieces by the editor, Dr. Sparke, by Mr. Truman, Mr. Hake, and Mr. Maxfield. This number is hardly up to the level of some of the preceding ones. I think it was a mistake to include two Fantasias in one issue. That by Dr. Sparke on Scotch airs is out of place in a publication of this kind.

Miss S. I have a Lied called "Am Fernen Strand," von Arthur Sullivan (Bosworth & Co., Leipzig). I think I have heard of that composer before. I also know the Lied in its English dress. I understand it is not for sale in England; I suppose that means the German version. I am afraid this specimen of Sir Arthur's powers will not raise him in the estimation of the composers of the Fatherland. It is what they expressively term "Zucker-musik." The text, which is the old, old ballad-story, translates surprisingly well into German. The lovers, when one is shipwrecked, and the other has died of grief, "wandern Hand in Hand" on the "Fernen Strand," just as comfortably as in their native tongue.

Mrs. Morton. I hope and trust that nothing will ever induce German musicians to imitate our lugubrious English ballads, or German singers to sing them. I don't think it is at all probable, because the Germans have such a hearty hatred of the English, and such utter contempt for our pretensions as a musical nation, as well as such perfect faith in their own powers, that England is not likely to set the fashion in anything in Germany.

Miss S. Least of all in music. I remember a German who prided himself on being a musical connoisseur, telling me in all seriousness that we had nothing but "Katzen-musik" in England. It is scarcely necessary to say that, though he had never been in England, he knew a great deal more about us than we do ourselves. Moreover, like all Germans, he was withheld by no such absurd feelings as good-breeding, or consideration for the feelings of others, from pointing out what he considered our little defects.

Boyne. The worst of it is, it is impossible, as a rule, to argue with Germans. Their one idea of argument consists in assertion. Moreover, one is always at a disadvantage in their unwieldy tongue. I remember once being at a smoking concert in Dresden with an artist, who was one of those Wagner fanatics, who are the worst enemies of Wagnerism. He looked at the programme, and pointed out the only two pieces worth hearing, in his opinion—Wolfram's Evening Star song, and the Tannhäuser Overture; the first a commonplace,

though effective bit of melody, of which Wagner was afterwards ashamed; the second, of course, beyond criticism. Earlier in the evening there was a composition of Beethoven's, I forget what, which my friend sneered and scoffed at all the way through. One part he condemned as being nothing more nor less than a series of "Tonleiter." He remarked that anybody could write scales. When the Tannhäuser Overture came on I waited till we got to the part where the pilgrim's chorus is heard amid the descending scales for the violins, and then I set upon my Wagnerite. It was then my turn to scoff and jeer, and point out that I, or anybody, even Beethoven, could write a lot of scale passages; therefore, what was there to make such a fuss about when Wagner condescended to use such a childish effect. My friend did not perceive that my contempt was entirely assumed, and he actually hadn't a word to say, having unequivocally condemned the scale passages as used by Beethoven. I have told this story at some length, but it is the only time in my life that I have ever got the last word with a German, and I am proportionately proud of it.

Miss S. I am sure you have every reason to be. I have sometimes tried to argue with German women, but they always begin to scream when they are getting the worst of it, and they have such powerful voices that an English woman has no chance against them. Now I must hurry over my other songs. I have one called "Left," by Edith Marriott (Marriott & Williams), which is the outpouring of a young woman who has been jilted by her lover, and does not intend to wear the willow in silence. I don't think "Left" is a song that most girls would care to stand up and sing, even were the musical setting a great deal better than it is. "Bygone Times," by Annie Armstrong (Paterson & Sons), is rather a trivial little song of the "powder and patches" style.

Trevor. I have a song called "Reconciliation," by Gerard Cobb (C. Woolhouse). I always take up a composition of Mr. Cobb's with pleasure, because I know it is pretty certain to be above the average. He thoroughly understands how to write for the voice, and has that rare thing in these days, a natural vein of melody. "Reconciliation" would take some singing. It is marked *Andante espressivo e molto appassionato*. It is not every tenor, by any means, who could follow out those directions. "Stars of the Summer Night" is a new setting of Longfellow's Serenade, by Harwood Vaughan (Marriott & Williams). This is an unambitious and not unattractive little composition. Negative praise, you will say. I cannot honestly give even that to "My Angel," by F. Bevan (Cocks & Co.), which I can only term a sentimental "pot-boiler" of the most irritating type.

Mrs. M. I have only one piece, a set of "Three Legends" for two violins, with pianoforte accompaniment, by J. Jaques Haakman (C. Woolhouse). The composer has dedicated them to two of his pupils, for whose use, no doubt, they were written. The parts for the violins are all very well as far as they go, but it is a pity the pianoforte accompaniment should be so very elementary, as it lessens the interest of the whole composition.

Boyne. I have an Album of Six Songs, the words by Edward Oxenford, the music by W. H. Speer (Novello, Ewer, & Co.), which strike me as being something out of the common in aim, if not altogether in execution. The vocal parts are not in every case satisfactory, showing as they do some inexperience in

writing for the voice. But the accompaniments are well thought out, and betray few of the crudities that are occasionally perceptible in the vocal parts. No. 3, "Land and Sea," is an effective duct for tenor and baritone, in which a soldier and a sailor are supposed to extol their respective callings. I also like No. 4, "Love's Armour," which is a striking and vigorous baritone song. Then I have a set of four sacred songs, called "Songs of Faith and Hope," with flute, violin, and 'cello accompaniments, by the Rev. G. Torrance (Novello, Ewer, & Co.). The two first are for sopranos or tenor, the two last for contralto or baritone. The instrumental accompaniments, though of the simplest kind, naturally heighten the interest of these songs. The melodies are not in any instance particularly attractive. The composer evidently was not of Wesley's opinion that it is a pity the devil should have all the best tunes. Still, I think he has erred in the right direction. I would rather have sacred words sung to recitative than to a commonplace ballad tune.

Miss Collins. I have three songs by Erik Meyer-Helmund (Chappell & Co., London). The English words in each case are translated by Dr. Theodore Baker, of New York. Meyer-Helmund's Lieder are thought a good deal of just now in Germany, and I have heard several I liked very much. I can't say, however, I think these three specimens show him at his best. One is called "Ball-Room Whispers," and is in waltz-time, naturally. This is decidedly more English than German in style. Another is called "Heart and Chalk," and is much better than its name, in a semi-humorous vein. The third, a "Hungarian Serenade," is the most characteristic, and I like it the best, although the melody is very monotonous, consisting of nothing but a repetition of two or three short phrases. The translations are not a success.

A Tenth Symphony.

Translated from the German of

ELISE POLKO.

I.

EVERY human life—I have often said this, and I maintain it to this hour—is set in a particular key; to each is given its own signature, with which the owner has to do his best, though many a one cannot, to the end of his life, understand the reason for all the crosses and disappointments (sharps and flats),* which Providence has placed before him. The cheerful, sunny key of C major is given but to a chosen few; and particularly to poor musicians are the minor keys, and those with many sharps, most frequently allotted. We have only to think upon the lives of our favourite composers, to whom ear and heart owe so many joys, and we cannot but admit the truth of this statement; how much greater and more hopeless were and are the struggles of that great unknown multitude of faithful, diligent workers, who remain in obscurity, unnoticed and unknown! In the ears of these poor musicians are always sounding the suspensions and unresolved dissonances of unfulfilled wishes and burning desires, which leave them not a moment's rest, waking or dreaming, until perhaps, as sometimes happens, in answer to a special prayer, the Christ-Child

takes pity on a sad and solitary man, and prepares for him a wonderful Christmas gift, as a reward for all his quiet, patient hoping and striving.

Quiet and patient enough was the young Cantor and teacher in a little town in Saxon Voigtland, of whom I have just been thinking, and whose story was told to me by my old music-master, Böhme. My hero was but a poor peasant's son from Altenberge, but the celebrated Cantor, Johann Kuhnau, the predecessor of Sebastian Bach in Leipzig, had stood godfather to his great-great-grandfather, and the family had ever since been devoted to music, and had sent forth many teachers and Cantors into the world, to do their laborious work with a zeal and fidelity which could not have been greater if the revered godfather had been always beside them. The eldest son in each family was always called Johann, and pursued the thorny path of the musician, attended some music-school, and got some sort of a post as soon as he could, somewhere where it was just possible to keep himself from starving.

The young man of whom I wish to tell you was very proud of the old Cantor of the Leipzig *Thomasschule*, and studied the history of the old gentleman's life, as well as his compositions, wherever he could get a sight of these latter. It was his delight to exercise himself in the composition of fugues and chorales, and he spent many an hour in poring over the old book which related the story of the honours conferred upon the Rector, and of the *Nachtmusik* which Johann Kuhnau composed for the then Kurfürst, when he was a pupil of the old Cantor Schelle, and when the Saxon Court attended mass in the town of the lindens. It was to this work that Kuhnau had owed his first promotion to a good post. For the great man had commanded that the composer of the *Nachtmusik*, which had so highly delighted him on his visit to Leipzig, should be appointed to fill the vacant organistship of the *Thomaskirche*.

Yes, to compose, and to hear his compositions performed by a good orchestra, that was the dream of the unknown young musician in Voigtland—that little nest, where it was winter six months of the year, autumn four months more, and where the other two could neither be properly called spring nor summer. With this longing in his heart, he taught his choir of boys what he knew himself. He improved their singing, till he gradually began to find a real pleasure in listening to it, gave piano lessons "in the sweat of his brow," for very little pay, and played the organ in the old church so beautifully that the greater part of the congregation stayed behind at the end of the service to listen, and a few old women even declared that it made them sleep as sweetly as if the angels themselves were singing a cradle song. Then would Johann give his fancy free play, and he would improvise all sorts of variations upon the themes of his beloved "Old Masters," as he called the German and Italian composers of Church music. And so the devout church-goers were made familiar with the most renowned melodies of Scheidt, Schütz, and Schein (those three great S's), as well as those of Sethus Calvisius, Johann Kuhnau, Johann Sebastian Bach, and Telemann, Palestrina, Lotti, and Pergolese.

The greatest event in his life had been a Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig, where he had heard for the first time one of the symphonies of Beethoven: it was that marvellous one in C minor. Years had passed since then; but whenever he thought upon it, he still felt the same sweet awe and bewilderment as on that wonderful evening. And the mighty theme of

the first movement, in the first bars, when "Fate knocks at the door" with those four well-known strokes, followed him wherever he went, for weeks and months, and would not get out of his head, not even out of his hands. For wherever he went, he knocked involuntarily; and on Sundays at the organ he brought out reminiscences of the symphony, so wonderful that the congregation scarcely breathed—they felt oppressed, without knowing why.

Since then he had never rested till he had heard all the nine symphonies of Beethoven. For several years he had made pilgrimages to Leipzig in the winter-time, on purpose to hear them. He bought the scores, and lived in them, and in the remembrance of the delight of listening to them. Such extravagances were, of course, only possible at the cost of many sacrifices, which he cheerfully made, so as to procure money for his journeys. But he thought nothing of stinting and denying himself, even in the way of food; and he was only sorry not to be able to deny himself more. Johann studied the scores, which he acquired in such ways, with the greatest devotion, until he knew by heart the plan and all the different parts of these gigantic creations; and one day he announced to his friend and patron, the pastor of the little town, "I believe I shall try to compose a symphony myself!"

He did try, and was very successful. When his first symphony was finished, and neatly copied out, he wrote his name at the end of it in big letters, and beside it the motto: "I have dared!" ("Ich hab's gewagt.")

Every morning before school began, and every evening before he went to bed, he opened the cupboard, where lay this voluminous Opus 1, to gaze upon it with tender glances, turn over a few pages, and lastly, gently stroke with his fingers the word *Fine*, on the last page, as a mother strokes the cheek of her sleeping child. But he had not ventured to place it near the Beethoven symphonies, even in the cupboard! Then in his leisure hours, as a recreation after his day's toil, he worked boldly on at a new symphony, Opus 2. This time he got on more quickly, and at the third he could not refrain from whispering, half shyly, half happily, to his reverend protector: "When first I heard the Beethoven C minor, I stood as if stupefied before this great work; but I find now that the outward form is easier than I thought. It is as if my soul were strengthened and braced by such work. My ambition is to write a Tenth Symphony, and to have it performed in public."

His cheeks glowed, his eyes sparkled with a soft light, as he thus spoke, in breathless excitement.

"Take care, take care!" said the pastor kindly; "I fear for your health, my dear young friend, if you work so hard. You require all your strength for your calling, which is not an easy one. The body will have its rights! You must not forget that. Let us hope for a happy fulfilment to your dreams," added he, with a kindly smile.

What must it be to hear one's own work performed by the fiddles and flutes, drums and trumpets, of an orchestra, when the beloved creation of one's fancy should be embodied and become a living thing—would his heart not break with joy? This longing to hear his works performed tormented the poor Cantor more and more, the more he wrote; it ran through his veins like a burning fever. As there was no orchestra in the little town, he began to arrange his symphonies for four hands, and to play them with the only talented pupil whom fate had sent him, in his weary teaching hours. This was a young orphan girl, who had lately come to live in the house of the

* The sign ♯ is called "kreuz," cross, in German.

Bürgermeister, her guardian, and who acted as governess to his numerous family of stupid girls and wild boys, helped the mistress of the house in every way, patiently allowed all sorts of work to be heaped upon her, and asked for nothing in return, except permission to go on studying music. As she paid for her lessons out of her own small means, and as her employers thought that her extended knowledge would be of service to their children afterwards, they allowed her this privilege.

For these two poor lonely creatures, whose lives were set in the same sad key, a sweet spring-time now began, which brought violets and the songs of nightingales, as every spring ought to do. Teacher and pupil soon began to live for the lesson-days only. At the stroke of the appointed hour, the pale, shy Johann came in, with a large bundle of music under his arm; two soft blue eyes greeted him smilingly, and a little hand lay for a moment in his own. Not many words were spoken during the short time allowed for the lesson; but the keys of the poor old piano spoke so much the more: they sang real hymns of happiness and everlasting love. Among the great masters whose works they went through, one unknown composer slipped in—the Cantor himself, with his symphonies. And with what joy, patience, and admiration did the girl learn and play this music! with what bliss did the composer and teacher play his part!

When the fingers of the fair Marie played the treble of his Opus I for the first time (and not quite faultlessly), he himself taking the bass, he saw blue skies above him, instead of the drifting snow-shower which was falling in reality, and felt bright sunbeams warm his heart. And yet the secret longing was still there, to hear his works performed in different fashion. How much greater would be the effect when the well-known musical thoughts came floating down from the orchestra! Now, with his pupil, he could make but a pencil-sketch; then the picture would appear in all its glowing colours, and show itself as he had imagined it. The wish grew stronger, and its fulfilment began to appear possible to him. So many modern composers had gained a hearing—why not he?

Secretly, one after the other, his works were sent here and there to the directors of well-known orchestras; but one after the other came back, after shorter or longer intervals of waiting.

The Cantor was always happiest during these times; joyful hope took possession of him as he sent off his manuscripts. Many a story came into his head, tales from the lives of celebrated masters, of musicians who had once waited as patiently as he was waiting, till some happy chance at last inscribed their names on those iron tablets which all the world reads with reverence. Why might not such a chance lift him out of his obscurity? Why should not his name be read among the list of those who had worked without ceasing? With what zeal he turned over the pages of old books to read of such incidents, finding many an encouraging story. All those whom he admired had striven, wrestled, suffered, waited, just like himself. And although he never, in his wildest dreams, thought of measuring himself with any one of those great men, whose shoe-latchets he considered himself unworthy to unloose, yet he could not help wishing for just this one thing: to hear his works *once* performed.

It was his custom to send his packets off so that he might expect an answer about Christmas-time; and though a favourable answer never did come, he always hoped for one. These anticipations were his only Christmas

joys for years. When the holy Christmas Eve came round, and the church was lighted up, and the worshippers listened once more to the comforting, heavenly news of the Blessed Child, then it would seem to him as if he too must receive a special share of the "goodwill to men." With peculiar pleasure did he then, at the end of the service, give himself up to his organ improvisations. After the solemn themes from the Christmas oratorio of the great Leipzig Cantor, a touching melody of Sethus Calvisius was heard, the cradle-song of the Virgin Mother—

"Joseph, lieber Joseph mein,
Hilf mir wiegen mein Kindelein."

("Joseph, dear Joseph, help me to rock my Child to sleep.")

And those who listened then, in spite of the cold and the darkness (for the candles had been extinguished by this time), were those who were in no hurry to go home, because nobody would miss them, nor wait for them, nor light up a Christmas-tree for them. Among these sat the fair blue-eyed orphan girl, listening to the soft music, and dreaming of her father and mother who were in heaven, and awaited her there with their gifts. When the young Cantor went home at last—Ah! the windows were always dark!—a voice whispered to his child-like heart: "A letter is lying there! Your symphony is going to be performed!"

Yes, something white did lie on the table sometimes when he went in, but it was always the packet he had sent away—the child always came back from its wanderings to its father. His work could not be used *at present*—perhaps next season; would he kindly make another application at some future time?

II.

But one Christmas Eve the Christ-Child did give him an inestimable gift—a dear young wife; and this is how it came about. As the young Cantor stepped out of the church into the darkness, the figure of a young girl passed in front of him. The ground was covered with snow, and there was a slope just in front of the church-door; the girl's foot slipped, and all of a sudden the young man held her in his arms. As he looked down upon his sweet burden, he saw by the light of the moon, which shone in the clear wintry sky, at first only a plait of golden hair escaping from its covering; but in an instant he recognised the pale, lovely face of his pupil, Marie, and her startled eyes looking into his own. How it came to pass, how one word led to another, and how they confessed to each other what they had long silently felt, only the Christmas angels knew. It was certainly the case that they arrived at the Bürgermeister's house a betrothed pair. Then there was a great outcry, and much raising of astonished hands, and many warnings and persuasions, and each of the lovers was told, under the seal of secrecy, that the other was consumptive.

In spite of all this, they were married in the early spring, and when their quiet home-life began, the Cantor simply could not understand how he had been able to bear a single life for so long. To have a loving companion always by his side, to talk with her over all that filled head and heart, was something too beautiful! And how well his compositions got on, while his young wife sat in the corner by the window, bending her head over her sewing, and her sweet, soft eyes looked over to his, whenever he chose to look at her cheerful, sunny face.

Sometimes it struck him with astonishment that everything looked so tidy—he never required to search for his things, nor to sweep a load of different articles off the piano stool when

he wished to sit down to play. The punctuality of the midday meal was also a constant source of wonder—he had always been accustomed to go out to the "Golden Lamb" just when it happened to come into his head; they always had something warmed up for him there. But now he dined like a prince, and yet spent no more money. But the greatest marvel of all was his little Marie's cleverness in copying music. Who would have thought a woman could be so useful, and in so many different ways? It was a good thing she couldn't compose symphonies,—he was beyond her in *one* point! The Cantor was busy now at his ninth, so that he had written as many as the great Beethoven himself!

Nine symphonies, and not a single note of one of them heard! That burned in his heart, in spite of all his household joys. Marie could not understand why all the conductors and Kapellmeisters in the world were not stretching out their hands for her beloved husband's symphonies! How was it possible that a man who had, like Beethoven, written nine symphonies, should remain unknown, and especially such a gem of a man as her Johann?

But the signature of these two lives did not admit of prolonged happiness. When their joy had reached its fulness—when the cry of a little child sounded through the house—then was it suddenly turned into mourning. It was at Christmas-time. The young mother begged continually for the Cradle song of Sethus Calvisius, and at last, one evening, whilst the tender melody floated through the room, mother and child fell asleep, to wake no more on earth—

"Joseph, lieber Joseph mein,
Hilf mir wiegen mein Kindelein."

Before her death she whispered to him: "Do not be sorrowful . . . dost thou know why I am going away? I shall pray the Christ-Child to grant thee the wish of thy heart, about thy tenth symphony. Thou shalt hear it . . . Thou knowest, when an intercessor on high begs for it at the right time, the Christ-Child fulfils the longing of a human heart . . . And I shall take our little one with me . . . he would only disturb thee at thy work . . . Ah! it has been such a happy time with thee! But it will be better still when thou art with us in heaven . . . and with thy Beethoven. What will he say to thy tenth symphony?"

Smiling, she fell asleep . . . and he sat at the piano, and played over and over again the melody of the Cradle song, till at last he fell from his seat, unconscious.

III.

So he was left alone again. But how hopeless seemed this loneliness to him. The poor man went about quite lost. The place at the window was empty, the cradle had been taken away; music and books lay about on all the chairs; the flowers in the window were withered, but he had not the heart to take them away, for Marie's hand had cherished them! The "Golden Lamb," with its atmosphere of stale tobacco-smoke, received him again at meal-times. The scholars sang more out of tune than ever before . . . the day's work was unutterably heavy. Only at his organ or at his desk he felt the burden lifted from his aching heart, which lay like a stone in his breast when he went about among his neighbours.

His tenth symphony was to be ready by November—he wished to send it away then. Marie had begged him to go on working at it! The Christ-Child could take care of it after that! His wife herself had promised to inter-

cede for him . . . could any being, in heaven or on earth, resist her pleading? And after that—no more work!—then rest for once. If his work should be accepted, produced, paid for, then he would resign his post, and wander away, by the sea, or among the mountains, anywhere, only away, far, far from his darkened home.

The pastor was always warning him that he should take more rest, and even the doctor had stopped him in the street, and read him a lecture about his sickly looks—what did they mean? He did not feel ill—only tired; his cough tried him a little, and he had a pain in his chest. That was all. But now the tenth symphony was finished! Now he could rest. Only to hear it—O God! might he not hear it, only once?

He put the last touches to it, took it to the post, and now the waiting began once more. He went about like one in a dream, and got through his daily work; now fevered, now shivering with cold, but always quiet and patient. How slowly the days and weeks went past! Where was it, the child of his sorrows, his tenth symphony? Whose eyes glanced over it, whose voice would speak its fate? When would they send word to him, the composer? He had sent it to the town of the lindens, to a famous young genius, a favourite of fortune, whose name was Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Christmas Eve had come. The little church was crowded, as usual—the young Cantor played, with burning cheeks and trembling hands. Never had his concluding voluntary, an improvisation on the Cradle song of Sethus Calvisius, sounded more touching. But at last the tones of the organ ceased, and the congregation dispersed. The player tried to rise also; he felt as if something very extraordinary were awaiting him at home. But a gentle feeling of lassitude stole over him; he could not move hand nor foot.

Then suddenly he saw that the church was filled with a warm light, and that all around him was movement and life. Strange musicians came in with their instruments in their hands, bowing to him in a friendly way; more and more followed. They crowded round the conductor's desk, at which he stood when his boys sang here. It was astonishing to see how many could find room, and how closely they packed themselves together. But what was that? There, suddenly, at the desk, stood a figure, standing out among them all, with a lion-like head. He was just laying down a score before him, and on it was written: "Tenth Symphony of Johann N."

Then the conductor lifted his baton, and turned his face slowly towards the Cantor in his corner. Heavenly Father! it was Beethoven! He looked exactly like the portrait which hung over the piano at home: the unkempt hair, the noble forehead, the sad eyes, —even the turned-down collar,—only that he was smiling now. And down in the church he saw crowded together a mass of men and women in strangely-fashioned garments. But the composer of the tenth symphony was not at all astonished to see among them Johann Sebastian Bach, and the godfather of his own great-grandfather, Johann Kuhnau, and Wolfgang Amadeus and Ritter Gluck, Father Haydn and old Palestrina. Of course they were all there to pronounce judgment on his symphony, which was to be conducted by Beethoven, who had written only nine!

Then there floated over him a stream of overpowering blessedness: his own melodies filled the church. The orchestra went at it—strings,

winds, drums—exactly as they had done in the Leipzig Gewandhaus when they were playing Beethoven in C minor.

"Who told them to do this?" asked the Cantor, closing his eyes in bewildering, intoxicating bliss.

"Who but the Christ-Child, who comes to comfort the weary and heavy laden?" He heard the voice of his Marie, and felt her soft arms round his neck. "We are listening together to thy tenth symphony, and Beethoven is conducting!"

"I have not lived in vain," whispered the enraptured Johann, and his head, with the beautiful pure brow, sank back on the breast of his Marie.

Whether Beethoven was satisfied or not, and if they all came round him to congratulate him when the performance was over, the young Cantor never told anybody; he woke no more on earth out of that blessed dream. He was found dead at his organ on Christmas morning.

At home in his study a letter was lying which the postman had brought the night before. It contained only the following words:—

"DEAR SIR,—Come to Leipzig. Your tenth symphony pleases me much. I think we shall be able to make it go well.—Yours obediently,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."

What was even this kindly message to the glorified in heaven? He sat hand in hand with his beloved wife under the golden boughs of the great heavenly Christmas-tree, gazing into the shining eyes of his child, and listening to the eternal music of the spheres—and forgot in his perfect blessedness even his Tenth Symphony.

Christmas Carols.

—o:—

AT this season of the year, a few remarks about this ancient form of song may be welcome to our readers.

A carol is a song of joy, a song to set forth the glad tidings commemorated at Christmas-tide. The carol or Noël seems to have been first cultivated in France, and sung there in very early times. One of the earliest and most interesting which has been preserved is the quaint tune, with equally quaint words, sung by the people as a young maiden, with a child in her arms representing the infant Jesus, was led on an ass through the city in commemoration of the flight into Egypt. This was on the occasion of the festival known as the *Fête de l'âne*. At the conclusion of the service in the church, the priest brayed three times, to which the people responded in like fashion.

The carol, it must be remembered, may be either sacred or secular: it appears originally to have been secular, and joined with a dance. Chaucer writes:—

"There mightest thou Karollis sene
And folke daunce and merry ben."

The songs of light character, sung in the Mysteries and Miracle Plays of the middle ages, were a species of carol. In the Coventry pageant of the "Shearmen and Tailors," performed early in the fifteenth century, one of the women sings a lullaby song on our infant Saviour, beginning—

"Lully, lulla, thou littell tine' child."

In the time of Henry VIII., the Christmas feast was kept with unusual magnificence, and carol-singing flourished. The one beginning—

"All you that are to mirth inclined,"

was written by the well-known Thomas Deloney

at the end of the sixteenth century. The famous "Boar's-head Carol" dates from the sixteenth century: it is sung annually at Queen's College, Oxford, to a quaint old tune. It commences thus—

"The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary,
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot estis in convivio.

Chorus.—Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino."

Here are some lines, as sung at Christmas time, about the middle of the sixteenth century—

"There comes a ship far sailing then,
Saint Michel was the stieries-man;
Saint John sate in the horn.
Our Lord harped, our Lady sang,
And all the bells of heaven they rang,
On Christ's Sunday at morn."

The seventeenth century was again a great time for carols, and in Pasquil's "Jests," published in 1609, there is an amusing anecdote of carol-singers. An old knight invites some of his tenants and *poore neighbors* with their wives to dinner. The men were ordered not to drink until he that was master of his wife should sing a *carroll*. After much *adoc*, one of them sang an old-fashioned ditty. The women too were ordered not to drink until she that was master over her husband should do likewise. Whereupon, says the old chronicler, "they fell all to such a singing, that there was never heard such a catterwalling peece of musick; whereat the knight laughed heartily, that it did him halfe as much good as a corner of his Christmas pie."

The time of the Commonwealth was not, as may be imagined, favourable to the secular carol; but the Puritans did not object to such as were "collected and composed out of the Scriptures," and "implant the history and benefits of Christ's birth in the minds of poor ignorant people," for, says a writer of that period, "oftentimes he is taken by a song that will flye a sermon."

After the Restoration, the people gladly took to carol-singing again—

"Carols and not minc'd meat make Christmas pies;
'Tis mirth, not dishes, sets a table off;
Brutes and phanatics eat and never laugh."

In 1661 a collection was published, called "New Carolls for this Merry time of Christmas, to sundry pleasant tunes;" in the title-page was a print of the Wise Men discovering the star. Carol-singing has continued up to the present time, but is not indulged in on so extensive a scale as in the days gone by.

We have already mentioned that carol-singing is supposed to have originated in France. There are many interesting collections of them, including several in *patois*, or provincial dialect.

The earliest collection of Christmas carols supposed to have been published is only known from the last leaf of a volume printed by Wynkyn de Worde in the year 1521. On this leaf there are two carols: one "a caroll of huntynge;" the other, "a caroll, bringing in the bore's head." To the latter allusion has already been made.

In 1701, a sheet of carols, headed "*Christus natus est*: Christ is born," was printed and sold by J. Bradford, in Little Britain, the Corner House over against the Pump, 1701. Price one penny. It contained a curious woodcut, representing the stable at Bethlehem; Christ in the crib, watched by the Virgin and Joseph; shepherds kneeling; angels attending; a man playing on the bagpipes; a woman with a basket of fruit on her head; a sheep bleating, and an ox lowing on the ground; a raven croaking, and a

crow cawing on the hay-rack; a cock crowing above them; and angels singing in the sky. The animals have labels from their mouths, bearing Latin inscriptions. Down the side of the woodcut is the following account and explanation:—"A religious man inventing the conceits of both birds and beasts, drawn in the picture of our Saviour's birth, doth thus express them: the cock croweth, *Christus natus est*, Christ is born. The raven asked, *Quando?* When? The cow replied, *Hac nocte*, this night. The ox cryeth out, *Ubi? Ubi?* Where? where? The sheep bleated out, *Bethlehem*, Bethlehem. Voice from heaven sounded, *Gloria in Excelsis*, Glory be on high."

Let us bring this somewhat rambling description of carols to a close with some beautiful lines of Wordsworth, addressed to his brother, the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth:—

"The minstrels played their Christmas tune,
To-night, beneath my cottage eaves;
Keen was the air, but could not freeze
Nor check the music of their strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.
And who but listened? till was paid
Respect to every inmate's claim;
The greeting given, the music played
In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!"

The Holly and the Yew.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. D. C.

CHAPTER I.

GRANNY'S STORY.

It was a bright sunny winter morning, in a tiny village among the hills of the island of Anglesea. Christmas was near at hand, and Jack Frost had covered every branch and twig in a robe of sparkling crystals, and the peak of each hill had a cap of snow. The air was just cold enough to feel pleasantly bracing to a little boy who, with his hands in his pockets, and a rough blue sailor cap perched upon his curly locks, was strolling down the little village street, which consisted of eight small cottages, built of grey stone, and three tiny shops, their windows gaily decorated with holly and evergreens, and all displaying their Christmas goods as temptingly as possible.

Master Curly-head peeped into one after another of these shop windows, whistling the tune of a Christmas carol the while. Presently, as he turned sharply round the corner of a steep lane which led to his home, he ran against an old Welsh woman who was hobbling down the lane leaning on a stick. She was a very tiny old woman, almost a dwarf, and the tall beaver hat and red petticoat which she wore gave her a most witch-like appearance. Her face was wrinkled and yellow, but she turned a pair of bright eyes upon the boy, and said, in a kindly, cracked voice,—

"Eh then, Master Roy, where are ye coming to so quick? Would ye knock Granny Morgan down altogether?"

"Oh," cried Roy, "I beg your pardon, Granny! Boreu-da!" ("Good morning.")

"Boreu-da," said Granny; "and where's your little sister this morning?"

"At home, Granny. She's got a cold, and mother said she was to keep in the nursery by the fire. It is so disappointing for her, poor Winnie! We had made up our minds to go holly-gathering together to-day—to decorate with for Christmas, you know," he explained.

"Bless your little hearts! Why, you couldn't reach but the lowest branches, and they wouldn't have no berries on them," said the old woman.

"Have ye ever heard the tale of the Holly and the Yew?" she continued.

"No," cried Roy eagerly, for there was nothing he so enjoyed as a story. "Oh, Granny, what's it about? Is it a fairy tale?"

"I don't know about that, child. It's a wonderful tale anyhow, and some say as it's true; but if ye like to come round before ye go to bed to-night I'll tell ye all about it."

"Oh, thanks, Granny, that will be jolly. I'll run and ask mother now if I may come."

Off he went, and with a chuckle Granny Morgan hobbled away down the lane. Let us follow Master Roy to his home, and as we go along take a peep into his history.

At the time this story opens, Roy Somers, a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked laddie of seven years, was staying with his mother and sister in North Wales for the winter.

This remote village of Gwynnant, in the island of Anglesea, was renowned for its mild climate, so Mr. Somers had brought them down, and settled them comfortably in a pretty ivy-covered cottage for the winter, after which he had returned to his business in London, bidding seven-year-old Roy be sure and take care of his mother and sister. Roy was a brave, manly boy, generous and impulsive. He loved all kinds of fun and mischief, and, above all, he delighted in stories of peril or adventure.

This visit to Wales greatly delighted him, and he inwardly made up his mind that before he left he would manage to have some real adventure himself. He had roamed about the surrounding hills and country for hours at a time, causing, it must be owned, some anxiety to his mother at first; but when she found that he returned pretty punctually at meal-times, with glowing accounts of the queer old women, wild-looking children, and funny tumble-down cottages which he had met with among the hills, she felt no more uneasiness, but allowed him to wander where he liked, only giving him a few words of loving caution, and for the rest trusting to his shrewd common sense to save him from any real dangers. Accordingly, Roy became a well-known character, and was welcomed quite warmly at the surrounding farms and cottages when he appeared. Being, like all boys, fond of animals, the horses and cattle at the farms interested him; and though the ragged, dark-eyed children could speak but little English, he looked upon them with pleasant eyes, and became quite a little lord among them in his friendly patronage.

Up to this time the Somers had been two months at Gwynnant, and among Roy's many acquaintances his chief favourite was the little old woman, Granny Morgan, whose cottage, perched half-way up one of the hills, was always as neat and clean as a new pin.

Partly from her wrinkled and witch-like appearance, and partly because she was unsociable and snappish to her neighbours, Granny was very unpopular among them; and it was whispered by superstitious folks that she could bewitch people if she liked, and that she was strange and uncanny. So poor Granny lived quite alone with her cat and her pig; for nobody would come near her cottage, or do her any kindness.

Now Roy, when he heard how Granny

Morgan was treated, was most indignant, and did his best to show her how sorry he was. He used to run into her little cottage, early in the morning when he came down the lane, and say with a nod and smile,—

"Boreu-da, Granny. How's your rheumatics to-day? and how are Llewellyn and Bob?"

Llewellyn and Bob, as you may guess, were the names of the cat and pig who lived with Granny, and were the only creatures who loved her.

By degrees the old woman and the bright intelligent boy became great friends, and her gruff voice would soften and her eyes grow kindly when she spoke to him. Then on wet afternoons, when he could not go out for a walk, she would tell him the most fascinating stories; for Granny had quite a store of Welsh tales and legends. Tales of the ghosts of warriors and kings, who still haunt mountain and forest, where in old times they lived, before Wales was conquered by England! Wonderful stories of sprites and elves, who dwell in the enchanted palaces at the bottom of lonely lakes and tarns, whose depth no one knows or ever will know!

Roy, sitting by Granny's peat fire with Llewellyn purring on his knee, would listen in rapt silence, while the rain and wind beat against the window panes, until the darkness coming on, warned him that it was time to run home to tea. Sometimes his little sister Winnie came with him, but not often, as not being very strong she could not go out in bad weather.

While I have been telling you all this about Roy, he has been running up the steep lane to his home at Ivy Cottage. The door stood open, leading into the little old-fashioned hall, and Roy ran in, calling, "Mother, mother, dear, where are you?"

A door opened above, and a gentle voice answered, "Here I am, Roy, in the nursery."

"Oh, mother," said Roy eagerly, running upstairs, "Granny Morgan has promised to tell me a Christmas story—a true one. May I go to the cottage this afternoon, and can Winnie come too?"

By this time he had reached the landing, his eager little face lifted to one which closely resembled it. The bright blue eyes, fair skin, and curly golden hair were the same in both, and people never tired of remarking how wonderfully Roy resembled his mother.

"Well, dear, you may go, if it won't be worrying Mrs. Morgan; but I'm not sure about Winnie. She has a cold, and I think I must keep her at home to-day. We don't want to have her ill at Christmas, when father comes; do we, Winnie?" Mrs. Somers stroked the dark curls of a little head which appeared in the doorway by her side. Winnie was very small for her age; her head barely reached Roy's shoulder, though she was but two years younger than he. Her hair, which was of a dark red-brown, and her large dreamy brown eyes, were her only beauties, and gave a picturesque look to the tiny face and figure. She was a thoughtful child, sometimes puzzling her mother by her curious questions about the why and wherefore of things.

When their one o'clock dinner was over, Roy promising to tell Winnie all about the story on his return, rambled down the lane to the cottage, and peeped in to see if Granny was ready. She was bending over her peat fire, making it up for the afternoon, muttering to herself the while, with Llewellyn purring round her feet, and rubbing his big black head against her red petticoat. Under the table, on the sanded brick floor, was a wooden bowl, from which Bob, the white pig, was contentedly feeding with grunts of satisfaction. There was a

pleasant afternoon leisureliness over everything; evidently Granny was prepared for his coming.

In a few minutes Roy was settled in his usual place by the hearth, on a little wooden stool, and with his hands spread out to the ruddy glow of the peats, was waiting for Granny to get her knitting and begin.

"Many, many years ago, Master Roy," began Granny Morgan in her high cracked voice, "there lived here in Anglesea a prince of North Wales, good Prince Llewellyn. He was a brave, proud man, not much given to talking, but spending much time in doing good. Now, the King of England wanted to take away his kingdom and freedom from him, and cruelly said that Llewellyn must either give up his country or his lady-love, who was the English king's sister-in-law, Eleanor de Montfort. Eleanor was very beautiful, and Llewellyn loved her dearly; and though he would have given up his own life for her sake, he would not sacrifice his country and all the Welsh people who loved him and their freedom; so he gave up his lady-love rather than lose the kingdom. Some years after this, Princess Eleanor was allowed to go to Wales to Llewellyn, because King Edward repented of his cruel tyranny when he saw how brave they both were, and so they were married and lived happy ever after. But just at the time of my story Llewellyn was feeling very sad and lonely, and bethought what he could do to make him forget his sorrow; so he had built a monastery for holy men to live in, down in the Glen of Penmon there—you know it, Master Roy. The story goes that in this same monastery was one monk more holy than all the rest, named Edwyr of Penmon, and sure there was naught that this monk could not do by means of prayer and fasting. He performed wonderful healings in all the country-side, and great was his name among the people.

"Now, there was in the monastery garden a spring of fresh pure mountain water, which bubbled up from the ground. The monk Edwyr found that the water was as good as medicine to the poor people, so he built a well at the spring and blessed the water for ever and ever. You may see the remains of the well there to this day, with a great yew tree at the side, which the monk planted that he might sit under it when the sick people came to be healed. This tree he called the Holy Yew, and long after the monk was dead it grew and grew, until its trunk was as you see it now, 20 feet round, and its branches grew over the well until they nearly hid it from sight. On the other side of the well there stands a holly tree, which was a fine bush enough, but not so much thought of as the Yew, so that the Yew grew proud and disdainful of his neighbour. There is a legend that at one o'clock on Christmas mornings the spirit of the old monk walks in the garden and visits the well and pronounces his blessing on it and the Holy Yew.

Now it came to pass that one Christmas Eve, long after the monk's death, when a cold north wind was whistling down the valley, that there took place a wonderful sight. As one o'clock drew near, the wind suddenly went down and the moon came out from behind the clouds. The garden was in stillness, and not a leaf moved. The hour of One struck from the monastery tower, and softly gliding along towards the well came the spirit of the monk Edwyr, wrapped in his cassock, with the hood thrown back. The Holly and the Yew watched him as he drew slowly nearer, till he reached the well and sat down on the top. They felt no fear of him, for they had greatly loved the good old man in his lifetime. As he sat, he spread his hands over the well and blessed it

in solemn tones; then, turning to the Yew, he said, 'Blessed art thou also, O mighty tree, for thou shelterest the holy water from the burning heat of the sun, and keepest it ever cool and pure.' Then he turned away without noticing the holly tree, and the poor Holly sighed deeply, and his sigh echoed all through the garden, but the monk heard it not. So he passed away; but before he had gone more than a few paces, two figures met him, and the monk bowed low before them and said, 'Welcome, my Lord the King; welcome, Queen Eleanor, the brave and true!'

"King Llewellyn was dressed in royal armour, which glittered in the moonlight; Queen Eleanor, in white robes, and with a crown of gold on her raven hair, was the most beautiful lady the Holly had ever seen. They knelt for the monk's blessing, and then hand in hand they came towards the Holy Well and sat awhile, talking of brave doings and of love. Suddenly the Queen cast her eyes upon the bright berries of the holly, and with a happy laugh she gathered several branches, and twined them into a wreath for her husband's shining helmet, singing softly to herself the while; and this is what she sang—

'Twine the scarlet Holly!

Yule-tide is at hand.

Soon will chime our Christmas bells,

Echoing through the land!

'Twine the scarlet Holly!

Holly bright and brave;

Crowning, with thy winning grace,

Winter, stern and grave.

'Blessed be the Holly!

Welcome be its cheer;

Never shall its fame decline

All throughout the year!

"Then she turned to the King, and said, 'King Llewellyn, my liege Lord, I crown thee with the holly, in token of the season of joy which comes to-morrow, when "peace on earth and goodwill to men shall ring in every peal of bells throughout our land!"'

"And the King knelt while she placed the wreath around his head, then clasped her to his heart, for, as I told you, he loved her dearly.

"As the holly tree, trembling with joy, bent lovingly over the pair, the first streak of dawn appeared in the sky, and a mist crept up from the well, and lo! the figures of the King and Queen melted away into the mist, and were seen no more. And folks do say that on Christmas morn, as the clock strikes one, the ghosts of the King and Queen and the monk Edwyr may be seen walking in the ruined monastery garden. I don't know whether it's true or not, Master Roy, but what I do know is that ever since that night the Holly holds up his head proudly, and the Yew looks frowning and gloomy, because he is ever brooding over his wrongs."

As Granny finished her story, and arose to stir the fire, Roy, who had been listening with rapt attention, glanced up for the first time from the glowing peats, with a smile of thanks. Had Granny been looking at him closely, she would have noticed that in his eyes was a dreamy far-away look, and that he seemed pondering over something, as with a farewell pat to pussy and a shake of the hand to pussy's mistress, he ran off up the lane to his own home.

CHAPTER II.

ROY'S ADVENTURE.

THREE days had passed away, and Christmas Eve had come—a fair, beautiful day. Mr. Somers, Roy's father, had come down from

London to spend the festive season with his family, and to the children's great delight he had passed the morning with them in a long ramble; for Winnie's cough was much better, and she was able to enjoy the fresh bracing air.

Mr. Somers was rejoicing in the rest and change from his London business life, and in the society of his children he always felt merry and bright; while, as for them, their little faces beamed up at him, as they trotted along by his side, and their voices rang out in happy laughter and chat. It was a kindly face, with keen grey eyes and brown beard, that looked down upon the children, and Roy wondered how he could have got on so long without his father's presence. As they went Roy was describing Granny Morgan and her stories, and as they passed her cottage the little boy persuaded his father to step in and make her acquaintance. But to his disappointment they found the house empty, except for Llewellyn, who lay curled up on the hearth asleep. Granny had evidently gone out to gather sticks or to do some Christmas marketing.

That same afternoon the children were sitting curled up on the nursery hearthrug after dinner, roasting chestnuts by the fire, and talking over the delights that were to come on the morrow. First, there would be breakfast in the little old-fashioned parlour looking out on the Beaumaris Road, down which the postman would come, bringing a precious cargo of letters and Christmas cards from friends at home. Then after breakfast they would all go to the church, and admire the decorations which they had helped to put up, and join in the happy, joyous Christmas hymns. Then would come dinner, with its plum-pudding, mince pies, dessert, and crackers, over which Roy smacked his lips in anticipation, and Winnie cried, "Oh! you greedy boy!"

After dinner they would all gather round the fire, and "father will tell us about everybody at home, and all the kind messages they sent us. Afterwards he'll be sure to have a nap, and mother will go to lie down; then you and I, Winnie, we'll run and see Granny Morgan, and take her our present, before it gets dark and the Christmas Tree is lighted."

The glories of the said Tree occupied the children's thoughts and tongues for a long time; there were guesses to be made as to what fruit it would bear in the shape of presents, which Mrs. Somers had kept a profound secret from the children. Their merry talk ceased by degrees, and all was quiet in the nursery, except for the cracking of chestnuts. Roy seemed lost in thought, and made no reply to Winnie's occasional remarks, but sat gazing at the fire as he absently munched his chestnuts. What he was thinking about so deeply we shall hear before long.

The short afternoon rapidly drew to a close, tea was over, and after a romp with their father, the children went to bed. Winnie slept in a little dressing-room which led from her mother's chamber, but Roy's bedroom was a large attic at the top of the house, and very proud he was of having so big a room all to himself.

This evening, after he had undressed, and put his clothes (including his overcoat and cap) on a chair by his bedside, he went to an old box which stood in a corner, where he was accustomed to keep all his treasures, such as pebbles, shells, and birds' eggs, with an old jack-knife which he had picked up, and a few choice marbles. Raising the lid, he drew forth a little, old-fashioned clock with a loud tick, which belonged to Mrs. Lewis, the landlady. Roy was a great pet of Mrs. Lewis', and when he had begged her, in his coaxing voice, to lend him her little kitchen clock, "just till to-morrow," she laughed and gave it him, merely remarking,

"I don't know what you want with it, Master Roy, but there, take care you don't hurt it, for it's sixty years old if it's a day, and keeps beautiful time." Roy had carried it off in triumph, and now drew it forth from his box, and placed it carefully on the chair with his clothes. The moon had just risen, and was shining over the shoulder of the hill, right into his window, so Roy drew up the blind, and after saying his prayers jumped into bed, and lay for some time gazing at the loudly-ticking clock with extremely wide-awake eyes.

By and by strains of music came floating up from the parlour below; Mr. Somers was playing over a carol, a very old one it was; Roy knew it well, and began humming the words,—

"God bless you, Christian gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay—
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day!"

The strains died away; then there came, clear and soft, the sound of church bells striking nine, and then going on with a joyous peal; in the midst of which Roy's eyelids began to droop. In five minutes he was asleep, and when Mrs. Somers came softly in, candle in hand, to kiss her little son, she found him as usual slumbering soundly. Her eyes fell upon the clothes so neatly folded, and the little clock on the top of them, and she stood for a minute with a perplexed look, and then went downstairs to her husband.

"Hugh," she said, "do you know I believe Roy is intending to get up and go out to-night. He has his hat and jacket and a little clock of Mrs. Lewis' by his bedside. Depend upon it, the child has some idea of adventure in his mind. We must keep our ears open to-night, dear. Those tales of Granny Morgan's have made a deep impression on his mind, and I fear I have been foolish in letting him go there so often."

"Never mind, mamma," said Mr. Somers, "we will be on the alert to-night; but, to tell you the truth, I don't believe Roy will wake, even if he *does* intend to get up."

And so the matter dropped.

When Roy fell asleep, it was with the sound of the church-bells ringing in his ears, and for a long time they seemed to go on chiming and chiming, until he began trying to put words to rhythmic measure—

"Twine the scarlet Holly!
Holly bright and brave!"

He could get no further, and by degrees the chimes died away, and a deep silence followed.

After what seemed a long, long time, he suddenly opened his eyes.

The moon was shining brightly into the room, lighting up the face of the little clock, by which Roy saw that it was five minutes past midnight. Quick as thought he sprang out of bed, hurried on his underclothes, overcoat, and cap, and softly crept downstairs. All was quiet as he passed his parents' bedroom, and he was soon in the hall, had opened the half door, which was never locked at night, and stood in a flood of moonlight in the little front garden. Through the gate and down the lane he ran, over a stile to the right, and so across the meadow, which he knew was a short cut to Penmon Glen, lying about three miles distant.

On and on he sped, over the meadows, through a gap in the hedge, down a steep path by the side of which ran a little mountain stream, musically gurgling over the smooth pebbles,

and as he went along he distinctly heard the streamlet's song—

"Over the mountain, and down by the wood,
Over the pebbles in chattering mood;
Hither I come, rushing merrily on,
Till I empty myself in the Glen of Penmon.
Down the magical well, in the Glen of Penmon."

On went Roy, and as he ran it seemed to him that the night air was full of music; it seemed to breathe in the gentle breeze that swayed the bare branches of the trees, and made them creak and rattle as they touched one another. "Look," they seemed to whisper to each other, "there goes a child. Is he dreaming or awake? and where is he running to so quickly?" "Why, to the glen, to the glen, of course, foolish trees," sighed the wind. "Don't you know what night this is?"

At length, very much out of breath, Roy found himself in the glen; all around him were gently-sloping hills, and at his feet the crumbling remains of the wall of the monastery garden. The moon still shone in a cloudless sky, and there was no difficulty in finding the ruined well with the frowning yew tree on one side and the holly on the other. As Roy seated himself on the top and gazed down into the black depths below, Granny's story came vividly to his mind, and his heart began to beat fast, for was he not having a real-adventure at last!

The magic hour of One struck softly in a muffled, solemn tone from some distant clock, and he eagerly waited for what might now happen. In a moment his attention was caught by the sound of music, which seemed to come from some church organ at a far distance; it was a chant or anthem he judged by the long solemn chords, and as a beautiful "Amen" came floating to his ears, he could see slowly coming down one of the ruined garden walks, a shadowy figure. Nearer and nearer it drew, and in the moonlight Roy made out the long cloak and hood of a monk. His face was pale and sad, his long white hair and beard streamed down, the latter almost to his knees. And now he was close beside Roy, and had seated himself under the yew tree on the top of the well, slowly murmuring the words of a prayer in Latin. At length he looked up, and spreading out his hands, blessed the Holy Well, and then gazing up into the drooping branches of the yew tree, he blessed it also, in the very words that Granny had used in telling the story. Slowly and majestically, then, he rose and passed away; but before he had gone a hundred yards, suddenly Roy saw two brilliantly dressed figures emerge from behind a tall shrub. Suddenly, too, the music broke out again, this time in joyous strains, and unseen voices began to sing—

"God bless you, Christian gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay."

The King and Queen (for Roy with delight now recognised them) bowed their regal heads before the monk for his blessing, and then came with joyous steps towards the well, talking together and laughing gaily; but Roy was disappointed to find that he could not understand a word of what they said, for it was all in the Welsh tongue.

The beautiful Queen, whose robe was of pure white and gold, and whose dark eyes were full of infinite love and tenderness, at length cast her eyes upon the holly tree, and exclaimed in English, "Oh, the dear holly! I must twine you a wreath, my Lord, for your helmet;" and reaching up, she gathered several sprays with King Llewellyn's help, and began twining them into a wreath; singing the while in the sweetest voice Roy had ever heard.

Suddenly there was a rustle among the trees, as a cool wind swept over them, and a sleepy bird awakening gave a feeble chirp; at the same moment there arose from the well a thin white mist, which spread upwards, and hid the figures of the King and the Queen from Roy's sight. When it cleared off, they had disappeared, and in the eastern sky there shone a faint grey light—the light of dawn. Suddenly Roy felt himself playfully shaken by the shoulders, and turning round to see who it was, he met the blue eyes and smiling face of his mother. Holly, Yew, and Well faded away, and Mrs. Somers' kind voice said—

"Come, my sonnie, wake up! How sound you were, to be sure! A merry Christmas to you, darling, and now be quick and dress, for breakfast is ready, and father waiting!"

"How dreadfully disappointing it is, father," cried Roy, as he was telling them all about his journey, at breakfast, half an hour later. "How disappointing it is to think that after all that splendid adventure it was nothing but a *dream*!"

Music in Streatham.

MR. CHARLES TINNEY'S Concert at the Streatham Town Hall on the 21st ult. went off very successfully. The star of the evening was of course Mr. Edward Lloyd, who sang in the first instance two of Mr. Charles Stewart Macpherson's beautiful group of Scottish songs, given in the *Magazine* last December. The enthusiastic reception of singer and composer proved the popularity of both, though the latter is not yet, like the former, of world-wide fame. The songs chosen by Mr. Lloyd were, "Ye flowery banks o' bonny Doon," and "O my Luvie is like the red, red rose." This last was encored, and Mr. Lloyd repeated it. In the second part he sang Gounod's "Lend me your aid" magnificently, and being vociferously encored, he gave as a change, "Come into the garden, Maud." Later on he sang Balfe's "Excelsior," with Mr. Tinney. Mr. Tinney gave proofs of his skill as singer, teacher, and composer. His setting of "Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances," from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," is full of Highland spirit. The chorus acquitted themselves admirably, especially in "Thor's War Song," by Maunders, where their unanimity, spirit, and light and shade were thoroughly satisfactory. Mr. Arthur Oswald sang a fine song by Mr. Frederic Cliffe, who accompanied him on the piano, and Mr. Macpherson played as usual with power and artistic grace. Mr. Tinney's three pupils sang a trio, "Waken, day is dawning," by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie. Our space forbids a fuller report, but Streatham may be congratulated on possessing some excellent performers of first-rate music.

WHAT NEXT?—Celebrated women musical performers often have mothers in attendance upon them, but it is felt to be carrying the matter to extremes when they start fathers as well. Mrs. Mackay, the Bonanza Queen, had an unpleasant experience in such a case this season. She invited one of her compatriots, an operatic prima donna, to dinner. The star accepted, but asked leave to bring her mother. Mrs. Mackay did not want the old lady, but could not do otherwise than consent, and forwarded an invitation for the mother. But her feelings became powerful when, on the day of the dinner, a note arrived from the prima donna saying that she herself was unfortunately indisposed and could not keep her engagement, but her mother would come as invited, and would be escorted by her father, who could sit in the place provided for the absent prima donna, without deranging the hostess's table.

"Mince, Mince, Mince, and Bile, Bile, Bile."

A FARCE, BY E. D. C.

With Apologies to "Dr. Salisbury."

—:o:—

Dramatis Personæ.

MRS. BETTERDEIGHS,	A Colonel's Widow.
MISS JEMIMA,	Her Sister.
JANE,	Housemaid.
SUSAN GRUMPY,	Cook.
SIGNOR FUSSI,	{ Their Lodger, an Opera-Singer.
ISIDORE YMP,	{ Confidential Servant to Fussi, in love with Jane.

Sitting-room, Mrs. Betterdeighs Suburban Villa.

Kitchen of same.

Signor Fussi's Sitting-room in same.

SITTING-ROOM IN MRS. BETTERDEIGHS' VILLA.

MRS. BETTERDEIGHS discovered lying on the couch with a novel in her hand. MISS JEMIMA sits at the table, which is littered with bills, account-books, inkstand, etc.; she writes busily.

Jemima (excitedly). Belinda, really these bills will drive me crazy! There's the butcher writing for his money again, and threatening to sue us; and the greengrocer says he'll leave no more vegetables unless they are paid for at the door. I'm sure I don't know what we are to do, for we have not Signor Fussi's last month's money yet, and he takes no more notice of my repeated hints than—

Mrs. Betterdeighs (languidly). It's of no mortal use to put yourself into such a fluster and ferment, Jemima. You quite make my head ache. If we haven't the money, we haven't, and there's an end of it. The butcher must wait, and, as for the greengrocer, you must represent to Signor Fussi that vegetarianism means a greatly augmented bill for tomatoes, and spinach, and—and—Spanish onions, and such things. You must really represent it to him in a telling way, Jemima. But pray don't worry me any more. My poor nerves are in a flutter, and you know how I dislike being troubled with these sordid, house-keeping difficulties.

Jemima. It's all very well for you to talk, Belinda, but he says that his career as a public singer will be spoilt if he does not live entirely on vegetable food. As to "representing," I have represented the greengrocer's bill a dozen times over, but all to no effect,—and what with Christmas coming on too—

(Bell rings violently outside.)

There, that's his bell (rising). I wonder what new fad he's got in his mind now, and whether it'll be lentil soup and stewed mushrooms for dinner to-day, or vegetable pie! Pah!

(Exit disdainfully.)

Mrs. Betterdeighs (sighing). Jemima is too thoughtless, really. She quite forgets the shattered state of my nerves, and the dreadful, dreadful trial it is to me to live in this pokey way, after what I've been used to in the past, when my dear departed colonel was alive. O Sampson! Sampson! (shakes her head, and takes up book again).

Enter JANE, hurriedly.

Jane. Oh, if you please, Miss Jemima, Cook says the greengrocer 've just come, but 'e

won't leave nothing—Oh! I beg your pardon, mem, I thought Miss Jemima was 'ere.

Mrs. Betterdeighs (loftily). Miss Jemima is in Signor Fussi's sitting-room, you had better go to her; and, Jane, I beg you will not come in so hurriedly. I am always telling you to enter the room softly, and shut the door after you.

Jane. Yes'm.

(Exit Jane meekly.)

Mrs. Betterdeighs. I wonder how many more times my place is to be invaded. I declare the house seems to be turned topsy-turvy lately, what with Signor Fussi's singing his eternal scales and his vegetarian fads, and that saucy valet's impertinences, and Jane's thoughtless, forgetful ways. If it were not for the stern necessity for increasing my miserably small income, I would not stand this sort of life an hour longer! What a thing it is to have known "better days" (sighing). I suppose Jemima will be down again directly, full of worries and complaints of her *bête noire*, Signor Fussi; so I think I will escape to my bedroom. There, at least, I may hope to have a little quiet.

[Gathers up her book, shawl, handkerchief, etc., and exit l. h.]

Sound of scale-singing, in a tenor voice, heard in distance.

Enter JEMIMA, in evident vexation, and ISIDORE, grinning, bowing, with a book in his hand.

Jemima. I tell you I cannot afford to provide your master with so much rump-steak in one day; it is quite preposterous, and, as I have told him, out of the question. My butcher's bill will not permit of it. (Aside) The vegetable diet was bad enough, but—

Isidore (bowing). Pardon, madame, vone moment. Eef you 'vill cast your heye over zis leetle paragraph you 'vill see that ze trouble it is nothing, and ze expense it is leetle. You see it says, "Ze patient to take of ze minced beef three to four pounds a day, and nothing to drink but ze hot water"—

Jemima (angrily). And you call four pounds of steak a day no expense; rump-steak costs sixteen pence a pound, not to mention the trouble of mincing and cooking it, which I know my cook wont undertake. Go back to your master, and tell him that if he can't live in a rational manner, like other people, my sister and I shall be reluctantly compelled, as I said this morning, to request him to leave our apartments, and to take his scales and his fads elsewhere.

Isidore (bowing and grinning). I shall have much pleasure in conveying to my mastere, your vords, madame; in ze meantime (holding out the book) Signor Fussi desired me to beg zat you would cast your heye over zis leetle book.

Jemima (indignantly). Take the book away, you impertinent fellow, and tell your master, with my compliments, that, as I have nothing whatever the matter with me, *How to get Well on Hot Water and Mince Beef*, does not apply to my case. (Turns her back on him, and sits down at table.)

(Exit Isidore with a grimace and a silent jig.)

Jemima. The impudent rascal! I'm sure that last piece of sauciness was his own invention. Hot water and mince beef, indeed! Well, I must speak to cook, and see what can be done; for I suppose it will come in the end to our having to prepare this outlandish food. At any rate, there will be no more vegetable messes to cook now—that's one blessing! By the way, I wonder where Belinda is. I must tell her of Fussi's new craze; it's too preposterous, really!

(Exit, laughing disdainfully.)

KITCHEN OF VILLA.

COOK and JANE discovered sitting at supper.

Cook. Well, Jane, all I've got to say is that if this sort of thing goes on much longer, Miss Jemima 'll have to suit 'erself with a cook, for I aint agoing to stay, and so I tell you. 'Tis bad enough to put up with Mrs. Betterdeighs' 'aughty ways, and that there Signor Fussi's hunnion and spinnege cookin' which he do expect done to a turn, though 'ow a 'uman bein' can heat like a hanimal do pass my comprehension, singer or no singer. But when it comes to bein' always on the bile, bile, bile, and mince, mince, mince, from mornin' to night, in the middle of all my other work, why that puts a cap on it, and I aint agoing to be driv off my feet, and so I'll tell her—

Jane. There, there, Cook! what a tongue you 'ave got, to be sure; wind you up, and you'll go on till further orders. To change the subject, now what 'ave you got for Mr. Ymp's supper? He'll be down in a few minutes, and I know he'll be extry 'ungry to-night, for old Fussi's been as cross as a bear all day. I've heard him caterwaulin' and swearin'. What that poor fellow 'as to put up with no one 'as any idea! He's got somethink to complain of, he has, goodness knows.

Cook (tossing her head). Oh yes, we all know you've got plenty of sympathy for dear I-s-i-d-o-r-e. The impudent rascal!

Jane (sniffing). I wouldn't show my jealousy quite so plain if I was you, Susan Grumpy. It aint poor Isidore's fault you don't 'appen to be quite his style. Bein' so dark himself, of course he admires fair beauty (tossing her head). But what 'ave you got for supper?

Cook. What would you say now to a plateful of the day before yesterday's mince, and a break-fast cupful of nice 'ot water?

Jane. Go along with you, Cook, 'ere he comes.

Enter ISIDORE.

Isidore. Good evening, Signoras, vat is zere for supper? I am as hungry as a—vat you call—a huntere.

(Sits down to table. Jane bustles about cutting bread, passing knife and fork, etc. Cook takes a covered plate from side of fire and places it before Isidore, who snaps his fingers and commences eating.)

Isidore (with his mouth full). Susan, zis is most excellent, of 'hat is it compose?

Cook. Rabbit.

Isidore. Ah! Jane my dear, you look, ah si charment vith zat leetle bow in your cap.

Sings—

"She'd a rose in her bonnet,
And oh she looked sweet."

Come and sit by my side, cara mia.

Jane (giggling). O Mr. Ymp! (takes vacant chair beside him.)

Cook. If some people would be quick and eat their suppers instead of fooling about, it would be better for other people's washing up. Not that some people ever think nothink about other people's bein' run off their legs from mornin' to night, with not even their evenin's to theirselves.

Jane. Come, Susan, don't be tiffy. We'll help to wash up, won't we, Mr. Ymp?

Isidore. Oh, certamente, vith ze greatest of pleasure.

(Rises and gathers up plates, etc., and piles them into a wooden basin with a great clatter. Falls against a chair, recovers himself, chucks Jane under the chin, snatches up the tea-cloth, and stands in an attitude of readiness.)

Isidore. Now zen, Signora Cook.

(Cook begins to wash, giving plates to him to wipe.)

Cook. Ah, it's all very fine Mr. Ymp, you can be very handy when you like, I know. What would you say to working the mincing machine to-morrow, and biling 'ot water. I tell you it'll take you all your time, you won't 'ave a minute to spare for spooning with Jane, and cuttin' capers. Hah, hah, hah! how I should like to see you at it!

Isidore. Don't you 'vish you may get it, my good cook. No. "Man for ze field and woman for ze hearth," as your beautiful proverb say; in other 'vords "Isidore for his amiable master and Susan, sweet Susan, for ze mince." (*Chucks her under the chin.*)

Jane. Mr. Ymp, you're not wiping the cups properly, they're all quite wet.

(*Bell rings.*)

Jane. Cook, that's your bell, I wonder what's the matter.

(*Exit Cook, wiping her hands.*)

Jane (calling after her). Now would be a good time to give Miss Jemima warning, I'd do it, if I was you.

Isidore (throwing down cloth, and approaching Jane)

Sings—

"My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah never, never be so shy!"

Tell me when shall be ze happy day, and

"I will buy the ring."

Here is a piece of string; your finger, most charming Signora!

(*Tries to take her hand, but Jane snatches it away, and boxes his ears.*)

Jane. Go along with you, I won't have nothink to do with naming days yet awhile. I don't know as I like you well enough, Mr. Ymp.

Isidore. "I-s-i-d-o-r-e" charming Jennie; just one kiss (*tries to kiss her*).

COOK enters out of breath.

Cook. Well of all the impudence I ever 'eard of—

Isidore and Jane. What?

(*Cook sits down wiping her face on her apron.*)

Cook. Well, when I gets up there, would you believe it, Miss Jemima, she says to me, "Cook," she says, "what 'ave you been adoin' to Signor Fussi's mince beef?" "Signor Fussi's mince, mem?" says I. "What do you mean, mem?" says I. "Why," she says, "he's just sent down a note to say that the mince he had for his supper to-night was as 'ot as fire and 'as burnt his tongue, and utterly destroyed the coating of his stomic," she says. "Coating of his fiddlestick!" says I. "I haven't put nothink into his old mince," says I. "It's only a fresh fad," says I; "and now I'm about it I may as well tell you, Miss Jemima, that I wishes to give you warning. I can't stand no more of this sort of thing, so I goes this day month, please mem," says I.

Jane and Isidore (excitedly). Well?

Cook. "Very well, Cook," says Miss Jemima. "You don't know when you're well off," she says; "but that's not my affair. As to this mince business, I must inquire further into it," she says, "as Signor Fussi is furious, and with good reason. You can go, Cook," and so I come downstairs.

Isidore (chuckling). Ho, ho! so zat was what ze note was about zat the Signor was svinging over to-night. I nevere thought zat leetle pepper would have made him svare so. Ho, ho!

Cook. So it was your doings, was it, Master I-s-i-d-o-r-e? I might have imagined you were at the bottom of it. Get out of my kitchen, do. I'll have no more ymps here, or grinning monkeys either.

Jane (loftily). If Mr. Ymp is turned hout of the kitchen, I go too. (*Exit.*)

Isidore (bowing). Grumpy by name and grumpy by nature. Tra-la-la, signora, zere is ze master's bell. (*Exit.*)

Cook (putting away cups, etc.). Well, he beats anything I ever saw in the way of impudence. Not his style, indeed! I should be sorry if I were. I wish Jane joy of him—if ever she gets him—but I shouldn't think she'd be soft enough to marry a grinning monkey like that. (*Yawns.*) Well, I think I'll be off to bed. Oh! there's Fussi's 'ot water to take up though. (*Takes jug and fills it from kettle.*) There'll soon be no hot water left in the pipes, I should think, if we goes on a-drawin' of it like this. Well, it'll last my time anyhow!

(*Turns out gas, and exit yawning.*)

SIGNOR FUSSI'S SITTING-ROOM.

FUSSI sits at piano practising scales, his voice is weak and tremulous.

Fussi (pausing in his scales). My voice, my once beautiful voice, is all gone. Ah me! what shall I do? Ze British public vill no longer applaud ze tenor star to ze echo, night after night, at ze opera-house, and I cannot, I vill not, take a second place! No, I must be first or notting. But zis is not ze worst. My charming Mademoiselle Trillioni, she vill cast me off, and zen I shall indeed be desolate. Ah me! my heart is broken (*sobs audibly, takes out large coloured handkerchief and wipes his eyes*). I vill try once again (*strikes chord and sings, voice worse than ever*). No, Diavolo! it is no use. I vill sing no more! (*Gets up from piano and rings bell furiously.*) Isidore! Isidore! Where is zat vagabond?

Enter ISIDORE, bowing.

Fussi. Isidore, you rascal, my lunch.

Isidore. Sweet Susan has not prepared him yet, Signor.

Fussi (furiously). Go down and get it at once, you villain. Susan be—(*flings slipper at Isidore, who flies from room*).

(*Fussi sits down to table and begins to write a letter with knit brows.*)

Reads—

"Most adorable Mademoiselle Trillioni, my soul is desolate, my voice is gone, my health going; but my heart, my love are ever yours. Do not cast me off, or I shall sink into an untimely grave.

"Be mine, sweet Trillioni, and we will together wander far from these cold shores to the olive groves of dear Italy, there to (*enter Isidore softly, unseen*) dwell for ever in sweetest union. I pray thee send me a favourable answer; I await it with deepest solicitude.—Your devoted and broken-hearted

"CARLO FUSSI."

(*Places letter in envelope.*)

(*Isidore comes forward with tray upon which are a plate of minced beef, a glass of hot water, and a letter.*)

Isidore. Your lunch, Signor. (*Aside*) A letter from Mdle. Trillioni. I would give worlds to take a peep at it.

Fussi (writing address on envelope). Go, pick up my slipper, sirrah, and put it on. (*Holds out foot, Isidore obeys kneeling, and Fussi gives him a playful kick, knocking him over.*)

Fussi. Here, quick; take zis letter to No. 5 Vansittart Street, Mayfair; and wait for an answer. Hah! (*sees letter on tray*), wait a bit, though.

(*Tears open envelope, and reads. Rises, and paces the room, tearing his hair and pulling his cravat in a state of distraction.*)

Fussi (reads letter aloud, brokenly). "All is

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over between us—it is best so—Lord George Montclerk—loves me to distraction—£5000 a-year—Farewell!" Diavolo! Corpo di Bacco! I vill not bear it. I vill call him out. I vill not endure it. (*Tears letter, and stamps on it.*) 'Vat are you staring at, imbecile? Go—

Isidore. To Vansittart Street, Signor?

Fussi. No, give me zat letter. (*Tears it up.*) Go, I tell you!

Isidore (lingering). Your lunch, Signor?

(*Fussi makes a dash at him with the fire-tongs.*)

(*Exit Isidore.*)

Fussi (sullenly throwing himself into arm-chair). I'll go and shoot myself. No, happy thought! (*Goes to cupboard, takes out small bottle.*) My tooth tincture vill be just ze thing. (*Holds it over glass of water.*) Hah! poison! zat 'vill put me out of my misery. Carlo Fussi, your hours are numbered!

Enter MRS. BETTERDEIGHS.

Mrs. Betterdeighs. Good morning, Signor Fussi. My sister being indisposed, I have come to ascertain what amount of beef you will require to-day, as the butcher will shortly call for orders.

Fussi. Beef? Ah! my dear madame—I—ze fact is, I—

Mrs. Betterdeighs. I will thank you to make up your mind at once, Signor, as I am anxious to depart. My past life has not accustomed me to this sort of thing. Ah! Signor Fussi, my present existence is sadly obnoxious to me.

Fussi. Indeed, Madame; so I should judge. (*Aside.*) Ah! a bright thought strikes me. Vill you—zat is, may I hope to have the extreme felicity of making you my wife? I have long admired you from a distance, and I trust zat I am not obnoxious to you!

Mrs. Betterdeighs. Signor Fussi, you do me great honour! I may bring myself to regard you in a favourable matrimonial light at some future time, perhaps, but on one condition—

Fussi. Name it, dear Madame.

Mrs. Betterdeighs. That you altogether abjure the practice of these fads and fancies in respect of eating and drinking, and take to a rational, gentlemanlike diet; for, as my dear departed Colonel used so often to observe—

Enter COOK.

Cook. The butcher 'ave come, beggin' your parding, mem, and he want to know whether it's three or four pounds of steak this mornin'! Jane orter 'ave come up instead of me, but she's flirting in the passage with Mr. Isidore.

Mrs. Betterdeighs. Signor Fussi will require no more minced beef, Cook. He will be dining at my table for the future.

Cook. Laws-a-mussy!

(*Jane and Isidore appear in doorway arm in arm.*)

All sing—

So we'll feed for the future on good Christmas cheer,
Roast beef and plum pudding, and plenty of beer;
To the mincing machine we will ne'er have recourse,
And of drinking hot water we don't see the force.

A SHORT time since the hope was expressed that some ingenious inventor would succeed one day in applying to the organ a keyboard of sensitiveness to touch equal to that possessed by the modern "grand." This, *Le Ménestrel* announces, has been accomplished by M. Barthélemi Laurent, who has placed his invention on view at the establishment of Messrs. Alexandre et fils at Paris. If the invention accomplishes all it professes it will doubtless soon reach London, and receive the attention of our organists. It is obvious that with such a capability to produce delicate gradations of tone and phrasing the artistic powers of the king of instruments would be enormously increased.

Cheltenham Musical Festival.

THE second Triennial Festival held at Cheltenham, under the direction of Mr. J. A. Matthews, took place in the Winter Gardens in the last week of October.

The success of Mr. Matthews' plucky effort three years ago to institute Festivals in Cheltenham on the lines of those held in Leeds and Bristol, and elsewhere, encouraged him to try again; and the success of his second venture has proved like unto the first. The Festival was held under most distinguished patronage, and the charitable institutions of the town were to receive the money collected at the performances. The band and chorus numbered over 400, the former consisting of well-known metropolitan and provincial instrumentalists, and the latter containing picked chorus-singers from Gloucester, Tewkesbury, and Stroud, in addition to members of Mr. Matthews' Festival class. Mr. Matthews founded the Festival with the desire to unite the various choral societies in Gloucestershire as a county association, "so as to extend the knowledge of the highest class of musical compositions, to form a choir equal to any occasion, and to promote a greater interest in the older-established Festivals held triennially."

As we are compelled to notice the Festival so long after the event, it will probably suffice to give little more than a record of the work done during the week. The principal vocalists who took part during the week were Madame Nordica, Miss Emily Davies, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Hope Glenn, Miss Clara Dowle, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. H. Piercy, Mr. C. Banks, Mr. Iver M'Kay, Mr. B. Pierpoint, Mr. W. H. Brereton, and Mr. Watkin Mills. The programme on Tuesday consisted of the first part of the "Creation" and the "Stabat Mater" (Dvorák). These works require very different treatment from all concerned, and formed a very good test of Mr. Matthews' ensemble. It was clear that both chorus and band were better acquainted with the "Creation" than with the Hungarian's sublime work; but the initial concert of the Festival was in every respect a most creditable performance. Mesdames Nordica and Hope Glenn, and Messrs. Piercy and Pierpoint were the soloists in both works.

A good deal of interest was shown in the second concert, Dr. Bridge's oratorio, "The Repentance of Nineveh," which was specially written for the Worcester Festival in September, being performed for the first time since its production. The experience was the same at Cheltenham as it has been at other places where similar Festivals are held, as to novelties. The audience on Wednesday evening compared very unfavourably with that on the preceding evening. Dr. Bridge conducted a good performance of his oratorio, and expressed his satisfaction, and even surprise, at the rendering his difficult work received. "Nineveh" had been carefully and thoroughly rehearsed, and in our opinion its performance was the most musically complete of the series. The principals engaged were Miss Emily Davies (a young singer, who must be warned against a tendency to attempt more than her voice is equal to, but who created a very favourable impression), Madame Hope Glenn, Mr. Iver M'Kay, and Mr. W. H. Brereton. The oratorio was followed by a miscellaneous concert, consisting of Mendelssohn's overture "A calm Sea and a prosperous Voyage," the Finale from his unfinished opera "Loreley" (a happy juxtaposition); solos, with orchestral accompaniments, by the principals; and a pretty new part-song by Dr. C. H. Lloyd, entitled "To morning," to words by Canon Bell, Rector of Cheltenham. This was sung unaccompanied by the chorus, and met with great approval.

No Festival is considered complete without Handel's "Messiah," and this was performed with a strong cast of principals on Tuesday, and attracted an immense audience. There is no need to speak of the way in which such singers as Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. C. Banks, and Mr. Watkin

Mills sang the solo music, and every choral society knows (or thinks it knows) the "Messiah."

The Festival was brought to a conclusion on Friday evening by a concert and conversation, when Mr. Matthews, to whose zeal and untiring efforts the success of the Festival was mainly due, was made the recipient of a handsome tea and coffee set. The Cheltenham Triennial Festival may now be said to have passed from the experimental stage, and becomes henceforth an established institution.

Music in Bristol.

SPECIAL interest was attached to the third of the Monday Popular Concerts, given on the 3rd ult., as the programme was advertised to consist entirely of works by English living composers, and with one exception, in the shape of the song "Cherry Ripe," this was carried out. There was a larger audience than at either of the previous gatherings, and approval of many of the pieces was freely testified. The presence of several of the composers, too, gave an added interest to the evening. Dr. Bridge conducted his overture, "Morte d'Arthur," with good judgment, and this, and the Organ Concerto in E minor, also conducted by the composer, Mr. Prout, were the chief features of the first part. The solo part gained everything by being in the masterly hands of Mr. George Riseley, and, as a matter of course, both the composer and the conductor were recalled. The work is not new to Bristol audiences, and the great beauty of the Andante again met with full recognition. The band did very fairly, but were loose and ragged in the passages between the Chorale in the last movement, given out with grand effect by the organ. Three movements from Sir H. Oakeley's "Suite in Olden Style" concluded the first part. They were well played, but the Minuet seemed to be taken too fast for one "in olden style." The first movement was the Pastorale, in which the oboe was substituted for the Cor Anglais, the last being the tuneful and bright Gavotte, which seemed greatly to please the listeners. In the second part, Dr. MacKenzie's delightful Scotch Rhapsody, founded upon three old Scotch tunes, which are treated in a most clever and effective manner, had the first place. Mr. W. Macfarren conducted his familiar Concertstück in E for pianoforte and orchestra, the solo part being well played by Mr. H. Fulford. Mr. Lee Williams then conducted his new Gavotte for String Orchestra, which evidently made a very favourable impression. Sir A. Sullivan's overture, "Il Ballo," brought the concert to a close, and for a wonder the music was not thoroughly drowned by the usual stampede to the doors, which always takes place during the last piece or two, and was never more conspicuous than at the last Festival concert, when it seemed an open question as to whether the choir and Sir C. Hallé's band, performing the "Amen" chorus, or the audience rushing to the doors, should make the most noise.

Miss Marianne Eissler has paid us two visits lately, once coming to play at a Saturday Popular Concert, and afterwards in Madame Adeline Patti's concert party, which last attracted a crowded hall on the 10th ult. Madame Patti was in splendid voice, and was most good-natured in the matter of encores. Miss Eissler's artistic manipulation of the violin was greatly appreciated, and the other artists all won unstinted applause.

The Fraser Quintet gave two concerts at the Victoria Rooms on the 15th ult.; and Mr. George Riseley gave organ recitals at the Colston Hall on the 13th (Colston's Day).

Other concerts of minor importance have taken place during the past month; and, in fact, musical events have been too crowded together for all to succeed.

The visit of Señor Sarasate and Madame Marx will be noticed next month, when we also hope to be able to report a fine performance of Brahms' "Requiem," and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," by the united forces of Mr. Riseley's band and choir.

Ober-Ammergau.

FROM Ober-Ammergau we learn that the Committee of the Passions Spiel have almost completed the settling up of their finances. In anticipation of the official publication of the accounts, the following information may be interesting.

The total receipts for 1890 have been £33,000, not counting the photographic monopoly. The only outside connection with the money matters of the place was, that the Royal Bank in Munich advanced at the outset £6000 towards the building of the theatre, and a further sum of £1350 for the commencement of the new hospital. These sums, with 4 per cent. interest, have been paid back.

The expenses have been £15,000, for (1) building the large new theatre; (2) painting in Vienna of the scenes; (3) materials for the costumes, which were designed, cut out, and made in the village.

Out of the balance lying at the bank in Munich will have to be paid—(1) £2000 for the new hospital; (2) £1500 towards Endowment Fund for Nurses; (3) all the expense of an extensive and costly system of drainage in course of formation, and the turning of a stream of water for flushing; (4) the expense of demolition of the temporary part of the theatre, with the packing away of seats and scenes not required again for ten years; (5) the various amounts to be received by the actors.

This will leave no very great surplus to cover the time till 1900.

The whole rateable value of the community is only about £250 a year, out of which have to come contributions towards the salaries of the parish priest, the Burgomeister and his secretary, together with the expenses of the schoolmasters, the carving school, and sundry other items. So that if it were not for a surplus from the profits of the Passions Spiel once in ten years, the village would almost cease to exist. Out of the profits which have been fairly earned, the people themselves intended to have done something in the way of repair to the organ; but an idea gained ground among the few English who were in the village after the last representation, that it would be a very pleasant thing to look back upon if the offering of a renovated organ could be made to the Parish Church, which is so dear to the people.

The fund soon amounted to over £85, and many who have visited Ober-Ammergau, either this year or in the past, will be glad to give and collect for the accomplishment of the object which Archdeacon Farrar has characterised as "a right and kindly deed."

Sums of any amount, from one shilling upwards, may be sent by Postal or Post Office Order, or cheque payable to order of Sir Samuel Scott, Bart., & Co., Bankers, 1 Cavendish Square, London, W.

A USE FOR OLD PIANOS.—An old piano, as a rule, contains seasoned wood, and, cut up into panels, this wood is the best material a painter can have for imperishable work. The old Dutch masters knew well the secret of preserving colour just as they laid it on, and any one who makes a study of the works of Dutch artists will find, generally speaking, that those in the highest state of preservation are painted on panel. No matter how close a canvas fabric is, no matter how careful the artist is with his undercouch and his varnishes, air and moisture will attack any woven tissue and gradually wreck the painting. There are sundry magnificent exceptions, it is true, but the chances in favour of preservation are in favour of panel work.

LIEB GRETCHEN

Waltz



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(DAISY DEAR.)

WALZER.

Composed by
HENRY KLEIN.

Andante cantabile.

INTRODUCTION.

pp legato

p dolce

Echo.

pp due Led.

p

pp due Led.

ff

pp

ff

cresc.

smorz.

p molto ritardando

By the same Composer

{ Botschafter Waltz &c.
Pauline Lucca Waltz &c.
Electricity Valse 4/-

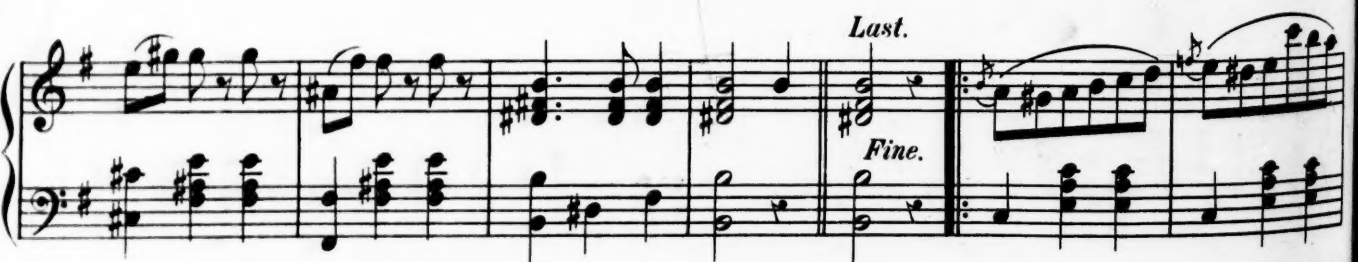
[Band Parts scored by Carli Zoeller late Bandmaster 2nd Life Guards, to be obtained of Klein & Co 3 Holborn Viaduct, London E.C. Price Septet 1/- Full Orchestra 1/6]

Tempo di Valse.

No 1.

p

By the same Composer "Sweet Polly" Mazurka. 4/-





By the same Composer "En tous Cas" Waltz.

CODA.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The tempo/mood is indicated as *p leggiero* (piano, light). The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The second system continues the musical piece with three staves. The piano accompaniment in the bottom staff features a steady eighth-note rhythm. The system concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to one sharp (F#).

The third system consists of three staves. The piano accompaniment in the bottom staff continues with a steady eighth-note rhythm. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system consists of three staves. The piano accompaniment in the bottom staff continues with a steady eighth-note rhythm. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fifth system consists of three staves. The piano accompaniment in the bottom staff continues with a steady eighth-note rhythm. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The sixth system consists of three staves. The tempo/mood changes to *Andante* (Andante). The piano accompaniment in the bottom staff continues with a steady eighth-note rhythm. The system concludes with a double bar line.

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WITH CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Peal ye bells right merrily
Joy to all and gladness bringing
Christmas cheer and jollity
O'er the world now ringing.

Peal ye bells full solemnly
Hearts long severed now are meeting
"Peace on earth, Goodwill to men"
Be your Xmas greeting!





Yule Tide.

Christmas Glee
for 4 Voices.

MUSIC BY
E. EVELYN BARRON M.A.

WORDS BY
P. Shaw Jeffrey B.A.

Allegro con spirito.

**SOPRANO.
ALTO.**

1. Come all good folks in roun-de - lay Up - raise a joy - ful strain As best may serve this Christmas day For
2. The drift is out both east and west, By moor, and brake, and fell, Then speed the rev - els with the best, And
3. So here's a health, stout gos - sips all, To sim - ple men and true; And let false rogues both great and small Their

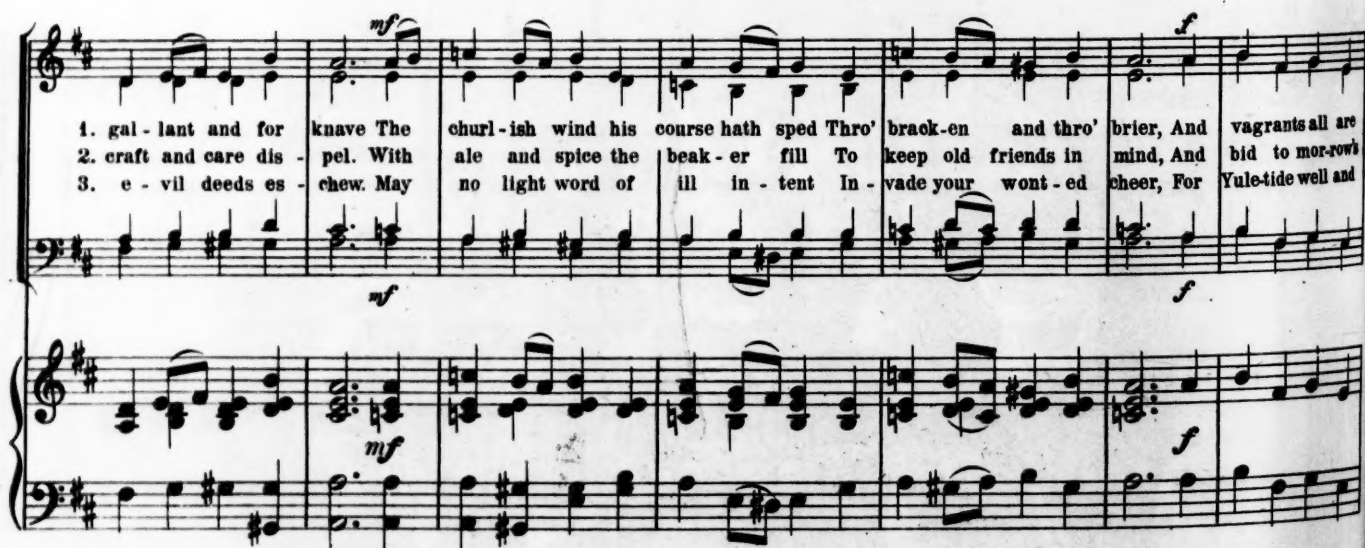
**TENOR.
BASS.**

PIANO.

Allegro con spirito.



1. gal - lant and for knave The churl - ish wind his course hath sped Thro' brack-en and thro' brier, And vagrants all are
2. craft and care dis - pel. With ale and spice the beak - er fill To keep old friends in mind, And bid to mor-row
3. e - vil deeds es - chew. May no light word of ill in - tent In - vade your wont - ed cheer, For Yule-tide well and



Più vivo.

rall.

ill be-sted That lack a win-ter's fire. So lip the bowl each thirs-ty soul And pledge in brimming toast. The
 bode of ill Go whis-tle down the wind. The hands a-bout in laughing rout. Be side the blas-ing Yule. And
 wise-ly spent Shall bring a brave New-Year. Come sing we then good gen-tle-men A glad-some roun-de lay. For

rall.

Più vivo.

rall.

f

p

eyes we love all eyes a - bove while win - ter rules the roast. So lip the bowl each thirs - ty soul And
 foot it light in gay des-pite Of grey-beard win - ter's rule. Then hands a - bout in laugh-ing rout. Be-
 mirth is right For Christ-mas night, Which none shall dare gain say. Come sing we then, good gen - tle - men A

f

mf

rall.

f

pledge in brimming toast The eyes we love all eyes a - bove while win - ter rules the roast.
 side the blas-ing Yule And foot it light in gay des-pite of grey-beard win - ter's rule.
 glad-some roun-de lay. For mirth is right for Christ-mas night Which none shall dare gain say.

mf

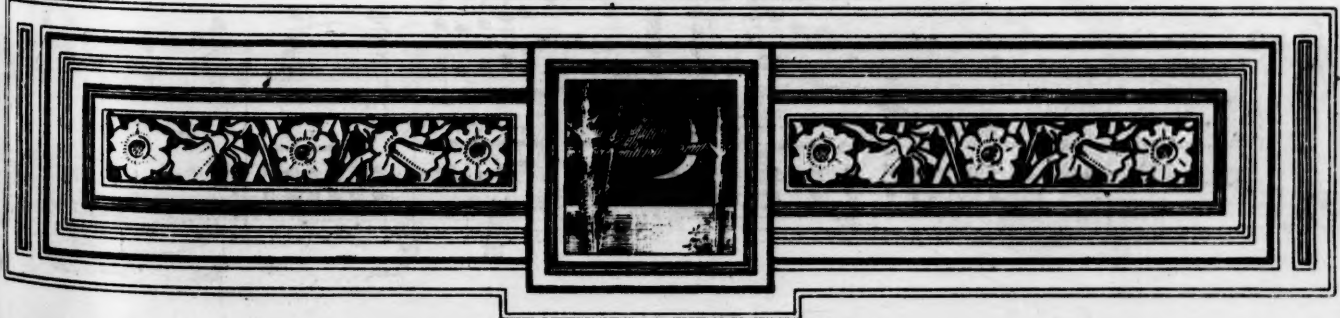
rall.

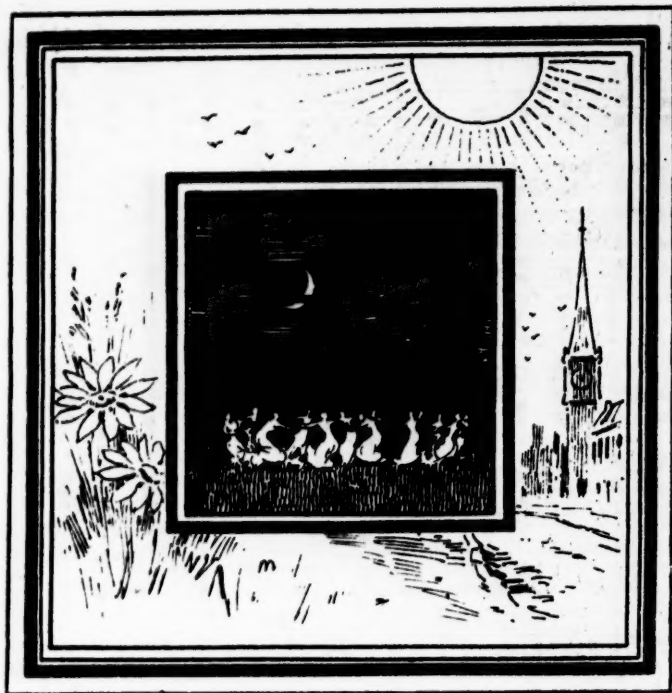
f

mf

rall.

f





THE FAIRY REVELS.

Words by E. D. C.

MUSIC BY

Marian Saunders.

Moderato.

On New Year's

mf *Leggiero* *p*

night the moon shone bright Down in a wood-land glade. There, in a

pp *mf* *p* *pp*

*ra. **

ring, they dance and sing Be-neath an old-oak's shade.

*ra. ** *ra. ** *ra. ** *ra. ** *ra. **

Six elves so fair, with float-ing hair, In gos-sa-mer ar-rayed.

p *rall.* *rall.*

*ra. ** *ra. **

"WITH LAUGHTER AND SONG."


Allegro.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

1. With laughter and song
2. He is com-ing, is com-ing; Sing
3. Hark! hark, to the bells Pea-ling

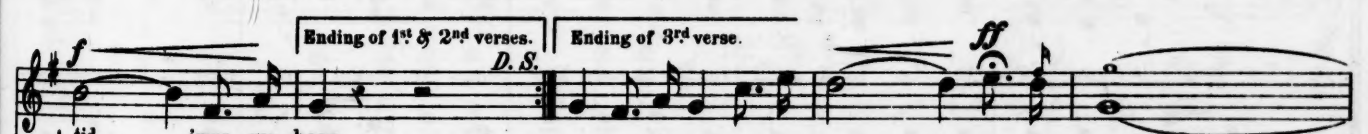
f *rall.* *a tempo*



1. Greet we the New Year; And, march - ing a - long, The glad tid - ings we bear! And march - ing a - long, The glad
2. elves and re - joice We know that he comes, By the sound of his voice We know that he comes By the
3. out loud and clear! Elf - land rings him in; He is here, he is here! Elf - land rings him in, He is

cresc.

Ending of 1st & 2nd verses. *D. S.* Ending of 3rd verse.



1. tid - ings we bear.
2. sound of his voice.
3. here, he is

3 here, he is here, he is here. he is here.

f *accel. cresc.* *ff* *D. S.*





ff



Christmas Carol.



To Shepherds in the Silent-Night.



Music by Prof. J. F. Bridge, Mus. Doc.

Words by Roscoe Mongan, B.A.

Andante Pastorale.

VOICES.

1. To shepherds, in the si - lent night, GOD's an - gel came, in glo - rious light, and
joy - ful ti - dings told to them That Christ is born in Beth - le - hem! That Christ is born in
Beth - le - hem! Un - to the Lord ye na - tions rais, The cho - ral chant of pray'r and praise Un -
to the Lord ye na - tions raise, The cho - ral chant of pray'r and praise. 2. Oh glad - ly greet the
hap - py morn When He our Sav - iour Christ was born From faith - ful hearts ne'er fades a - way. Re -

p *f* *ff* *p* *f* *ff* *rall.* *Tempo I.* *p* *f*

membrance of that hallow-ed day Re-membrance of that hallow-ed day When heaven-ly hosts-did her-ald Him A-

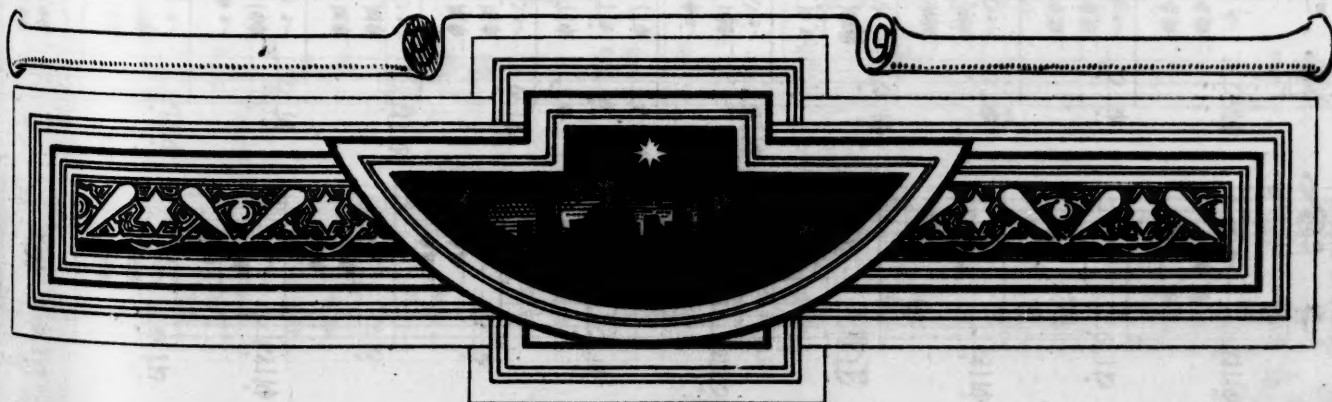
mid the choir-ing cher-u-bim When heaven-ly hosts-did her-ald Him A - mid the choir-ing cher-u-bim.

Tempo I.

3. That babe that's in the manger laid Al-though by sin-ful man betrayed Our fal-len race shall yet befriend And

mer-cy o'er the earth ex-tend And mer-cy o'er the earth ex-tend His ten-der love will He out pour Till

sin and sor-row come no more His ten-der love will He out pour Till sin and sor-row come no more.





INTRODUCTION. *Andante.* *p*

Musical notation for the introduction, consisting of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a piano (p) dynamic and an Andante tempo marking. The melody is played in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

Continuation of the musical notation from the introduction, showing the right and left hand parts. The music ends with a forte (ff) dynamic and a rallentando (rall.) marking.

Tempo di Valse. *f* *rall.*

Musical notation for the first section, consisting of two staves. The key signature remains two flats. The time signature changes to 4/4. The music begins with a forte (f) dynamic and a Tempo di Valse tempo marking. The melody is played in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

No 1.

Musical notation for the first section, consisting of two staves. The key signature remains two flats. The time signature is 4/4. The music begins with a forte (f) dynamic and a Tempo di Valse tempo marking. The melody is played in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

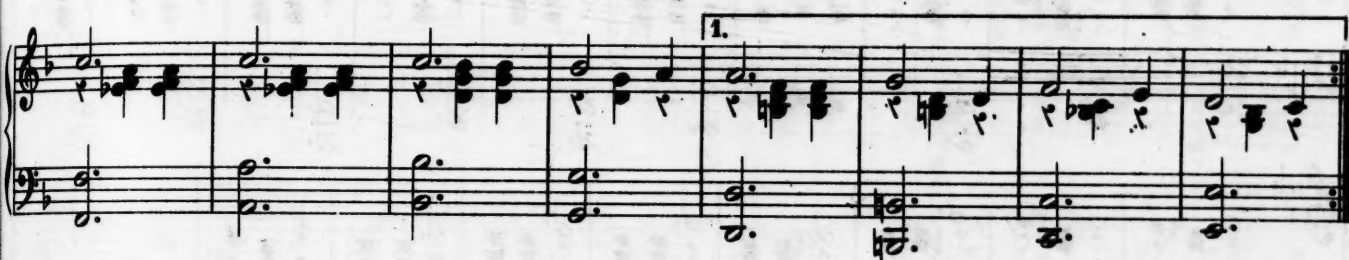
Continuation of the musical notation for the first section, showing the right and left hand parts. The music ends with a forte (f) dynamic and a Tempo di Valse tempo marking.

Continuation of the musical notation for the first section, showing the right and left hand parts. The music ends with a forte (f) dynamic and a Tempo di Valse tempo marking.



No. 3. **Introduction.** **♩ Valse.**

f *ff* *p*



CODA.

The musical score for the Coda section consists of eight systems of piano and bass staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The time signature is 4/4.

- System 1:** The piano staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The bass staff has a *rall.* (rallentando) marking. The system concludes with a repeat sign.
- System 2:** Continuation of the piano and bass parts.
- System 3:** Continuation of the piano and bass parts.
- System 4:** Continuation of the piano and bass parts.
- System 5:** Continuation of the piano and bass parts.
- System 6:** The piano staff includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking. The system concludes with a repeat sign.
- System 7:** Continuation of the piano and bass parts.
- System 8:** The system is divided into two parts by a repeat sign. The first part is marked *1.* and the second part is marked *2. & Last time.* The piano staff in the second part includes a *rall.* marking. The system concludes with a final double bar line.



SOARING.



WORDS AND MUSIC BY
MARIE TRANNACK.

Poco Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.



p

rall.

cresc.

How sweet - ly the song of the sky - lark Falls on mine ear to

a tempo

cresc.

mf

ad. *

cresc.

day It seems to mock my des - pair so dark 'Tis sing - ing so joy - ous

f *pp* *mf* *cresc.* *p* *f* *cresc.*

ly The lark so mer - ri - ly trilling With

ad. *

wild notes so clear and gay My thoughts of childhood is fill - - ing Now

cresc. *f* *mf* *f*

And.

rall. *a tempo*
past, and so far a - way!

(skylark) (skylark)

p *mf* *cresc.* *cresc.* *f* *cresc.*

And. * *And.* * *And.* *

Dost thou hie — to Heav'n's az - ure sky As thou

dim. e rall. *p*

cresc. *cresc.* *f*
soarest a - bove yon cloud — Is thy song — prais-ing our God on high? It

f *pp* *mf*

Now

rings — so clear — and loud! Thou sing est di - vine - ly sweet

meno moto

f *cresc.*

wild bird

In sun - light or — in shade

With thanks

cresc. *f*

As thou

giv - ings my soul thou hast stirred —

For tis God thoudost sere - nade!

rall.

colla parte

f *mf* *p* *mf* *cresc.*

Ad. *

h? It

cresc. *f* *cresc.* *dim. e rall.*

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

p *cresc.*
The lark to the clouds is now soar-ing As though here it could not

stay (skylark) To my wea-ry soul its re-stor-ing A glam-our long gone to de-
cresc. *p* *pp* *p*

cay Sing on sweet wild bird your short life through And I would, I could like
cresc. *cresc.*

you Sing, sing e-ver and as joy-ous be When soar-ing so mer-ri-
f *dim.* *f* *Red.* *

ly. *f* *rall.* *f* *Red.* *

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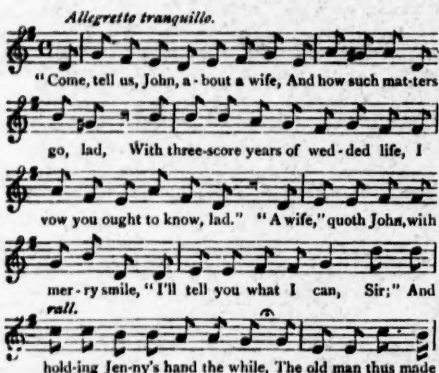
46 BERNERS ST., LONDON, W.

JOHN'S WIFE.

WORDS BY
FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

MUSIC BY
J. L. ROECKEL.

Allegretto tranquillo.



"Come, tell us, John, a-bout a wife, And how such mat-ters
go, lad, With three-score years of wed-ded life, I
vow you ought to know, lad." "A wife," quoth John, with
mer-ry smile, "I'll tell you what I can, Sir;" And
rall.
holding Jen-ny's hand the while, The old man thus made

"COME, tell us, John, about a wife,
And how such matters go, lad,
With threescore years of wedded life,
I vow you ought to know, lad."
"A wife," quoth John, with merry smile,
"I'll tell you what I can, sir;"
And holding Jenny's hand the while,
The old man thus made answer:-
"When she is young, she'll drive you wild,
That is, if you are human,
With whims and tricks like any child,
And stubborn as-a woman.
But yet her biddings you will do,
And not one fault discover,
You'll let her break your heart in two,
Because—because you love her!
"At middle age, she'll lay to rest
Her laughter, tricks, and chatter,
And show you life is not a jest,
But a most serious matter.
She'll rule, she'll scold, she'll lecture you
In manner most decided;
No doubt you will deserve it too—
At least, I know that I did!
"But when you find life's gold is gilt,
And friendships cool and sever,
And all the house of cards you've built,
Comes toppling down for ever,
She will not laugh, she will not scold,
Hard times will not distress her,
She'll stick to you, as true as gold,
As mine has done—God bless her!"

ONLY BUBBLES!

WRITTEN BY
ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

MUSIC BY
A. H. BEHREND.

WHY, what is the matter, my darling
And why do the big tadpoles fall?
I thought you were happily playing,
So busy with dillies and all.
Come, climb on my lap, little woman,
And nestle up close in my arms,
And tell me the whole of your troubles,
Why playthings have lost all their charms.
You say you've been playing at bubbles,
Round balls so pretty and gay,
But when they grew ever so big, dear,
They melted and faded away!
I've often made bubbles, my darling,
Since I was a wee tot like you,
And watched them grow brighter and brighter
With colours of every hue.
I've seen them float out on the air, dear,
And look, oh, so lovely and fair!
And then, in a moment, my darling,
They've melted away into air.
And did they break always, darling?
Would never a single one stay?
Who knows, though they're lost to me now, dear,
Perhaps I may find one some day!
So don't be so sorrowful, darling,
Be happy and glad while you may,
For childhood is gone all too soon, dear,
And shadows soon darken the day:
And when on your way through the world, dear,
The bright bubbles break as they will,
May the best of treasures be yours, dear,
To cheer you and comfort you still.
A love to lighten your sorrow,
And dry the sad tears when they flow;
For a heart that is loving and true, dear,
Is the best gift that God can bestow.

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Patents.

THIS list is specially compiled for the *Magazine of Music* by Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.

- 17,479. An improved apparatus for the adaptation of flutes, flageolets, and similar wind instruments to keys of various pitch. Richard Walsingham Western. Nov. 4th.
- 17,597. A new or improved mechanism for reversing music sheets. Carl Menchen. Nov. 5th.
- 17,820. Improvements in apparatus for turning over the leaves of music. Max Bermel. Nov. 8th.
- 18,027. Improvements in the manufacture of or process of preparing pianoforte key-boards. Alexandre de Pont and Silvius de Pont. Nov. 12th.
- 18,059. Improvements in pianoforte actions. John Legg. Nov. 12th.
- 18,200. Improvements in means or apparatus for raising and lowering the seats of music-stools and like articles. Charles Chenn. Nov. 14th.
- 18,492. Improvements in binding or fastening together sheets of music or other papers. Thomas W. Jones. Nov. 19th.
- 18,552. Improvements in music cases, postal rolls, and other similar receptacles. Albert Clarence Hill. Nov. 20th.
- 18,693. A book-holder as applied to pianofortes, organs, music-stands, and reading-desks, etc. Thomas Foxley. Nov. 21st.
- 18,905. Improvements in music-turners. George Brockelbank. Nov. 25th.
- 19,093. Improvements in the mouthpieces of wind musical instruments. Geo. Frederick Redfern. (Henry John Distin, United States.) Nov. 27th.
- 19,125. Improvements in musical instruments. Geo. Fischer. Nov. 28th.
- 19,398. A combined violin or other musical instrument case and portmanteau. James Patterson. Dec. 3rd.
- 19,571. Improvements in music or artists' portfolios. George Frederick Hammond.

SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

18,311. Ashton, music-stools, 1888,	6
15,088. Brierley (Rauner), musical instruments, 1889,	6
222. Gray & Davidson (ed.) & Poyson, church organs, 1889,	8
13,499. Conn, musical instruments, 1889,	6
18,096. Goodwin, cases for musical instruments, 1888,	8
18,515. Dickson, binding sheets of music, 1888,	6
1644. Hare, music-stools, 1888,	8

The above specifications published may be had of Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., at the prices quoted.

Christmas Prize Competition.

WE regret that, owing to the unavoidable delay in the issue of the Christmas Number, the Competition was necessarily inadequately taken up, many of the Competitors not having sufficient time in which to return their papers. Of those sent in, no Competitor approached the correct order of merit.

Under these circumstances we shall confine ourselves to Three Prizes, as follows—

1st Prize of Gold Watch to—

MRS. MARIAN SAUNDERS,
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2nd Prize to—

MRS. W. MOSLEY,
NORTH PARADE,
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LINCOLNSHIRE

3rd Prize to—

Miss ETHEL RICKMAN,
PRIESTGATE,
PETERBORO'.

The Ten Best Songs from Sullivan's Operas were adjudged by the votes to be—

1. "Tit Willow."
2. "A Policeman's Song."
3. "Little Buttercup."
4. "The pretty little Flower and the great Oak Tree."
5. "Willow, Willow, Waly."
6. "Love is a plaintive Song."
7. "I have a Song to sing, O."
8. "Were I thy Bride."
9. "Lord Chancellor's Song."
10. "A Wandering Minstrel I."

The Ten Most Artistic Portraits—

1. Beethoven.
2. Miss Hope Temple.
3. Madame Nordica.
4. Otto Hegner
5. Miss Ellicott.
6. Sir A. Sullivan.
7. Hamish MacCunn.
8. Signor Foli.
9. Sims Reeves.
10. Edward Grieg.

The Ten Most Interesting Articles—

1. "Souvenirs of an Impresario."
2. "Cathedrals of England."
3. "Bach's 48 Preludes and Fugues"
4. "Pianoforte Playing."
5. "Handel Supplement."
6. "Rubinstein at Peterhof."
7. "Nikita."
8. "Musical Life in London."
9. "Mendelssohn's Life."
10. "Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas."

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There laughed and played a little maid,
With winsome face and dainty grace
As sweet as ever sunlight shone upon."
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

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Music by the Composer, of "In Old Madrid."
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Grows old the new and false the true, our love may never die."
JOHN MUIR.

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Praised in song and famed in story;
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Come, my lads, and if you're willing,
You shall have, besides the shilling,
All the life and glory of a soldier bold."
PHILIP DAVSON.

THE COQUETTE. COTSFORD DICK'S new song. Just
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Refrain.

"There is love so sweet for an hour,
There is love so dear for a day,
But never 'adieu' sings love that is true,
To the heart he steals away."

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Last Verse.

"Laughter, shouting, and weeping you hear,
The music of life as they draw near.
All of us living, beggars are we,
Nearing the town of Eternity.
Tramping along on the road of Life,
Meeting with sorrow, joy, and strife,
Asking an alms as old time looks down,
Hark! the beggars are coming to town!"

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My dear, my own country,
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Fond hearts beyond the sea."

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"H E sleeps; perchance ne'er more to wake!
O Father of mercy, for my Saviour's sake,
Spare me my child!
To Thee alone, O Lord, can I look up;
Thy Hand alone can turn away the cup!
O bless my prayer; extend that Mighty Hand:
Death will forbear at Thy supreme command!"
As thus the stricken mother wailed and prayed,
The child awoke, looked up, and softly said—
"O mother, let me see the setting sun;
Open the casement wide; the day is done;
And prithee, sing to me that strain so dear,
That, from thy lips, I love at eve to hear,
The vigil prayer—
Salva nos, Domine Vigilantes!
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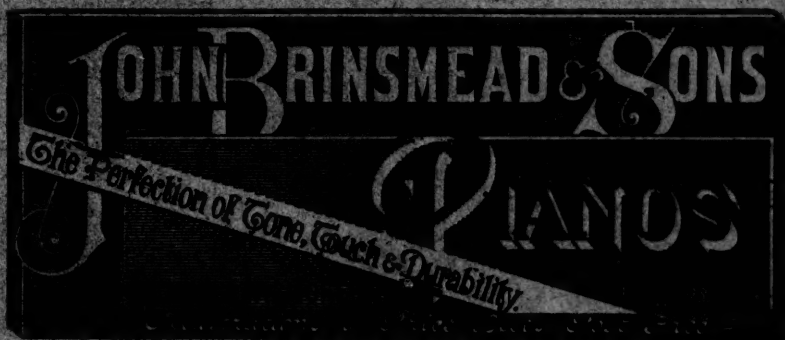
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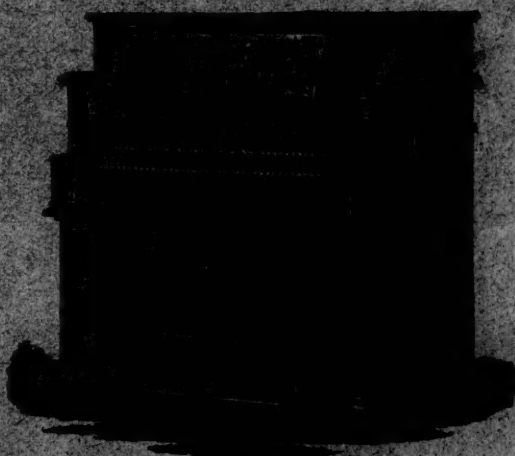
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